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GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE.
Union Pacific Railroad
Shortest Line to Chicago & the East.
Shortest Line to Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Atchison, Quincy, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and all points South and Southeast, VIA
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.
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Passenger Trains,
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars,
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Luxuriant Day Coaches,
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SEE THAT YOUR TICKETS READ
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SHORTEST, QUICKEST, AND IN EVERY RESPECT THE BEST ROUTE.
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Best Dining & Sleeping-Car Route to the World!
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Fifteen Hundred Employes, Splendid Passenger Equipments, Three Thousand Miles of Smooth Steel Rail Track, Ballasted Along its Entire Length!
Ever-Changing Panorama of Grand and Magnificent Scenery!
The Canadian Pacific Railway is the Only Line to the East from Portland via Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, and All Puget Sound Points.
Sleeping-Car accommodations reserved in advance. RAPID TRANSIT!—LOWEST RATES!
Call on or address for full information or tickets call on or address
C. G. McCURD, Passenger and Freight Agt., No. 2 Washington st., Portland, Or.
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The journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic is now transcontinental line is one of unbroken interest. Passing through the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world: Twenty miles along a mile-high Rocky Mountains! The Selkirks and the Gold Range! Rolling Prairie and boundless tracts of Switzerland!
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD ONLY POPULAR ROUTE VIA PICTURESQUE CANYON
Don't Time! Sure Connection! New Equipment
225 MILES SHORTER! 20 HOURS' LESS TIME!
Superior accommodations Unsurpassed for Comfort and Safety!—Fares and Freights much less than by any other route between all points in Willamette Valley and San Francisco!
ONLY ROUTE VIA
YAQUINA BAY
—TO—
SAN FRANCISCO.
DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS
(Except Sundays)
Leave Yaquina, 7:30 A.M. Corvallis, 9:45 A.M. Arrive Albany, 11:30 A.M.
Leave Albany, 11:30 A.M. Arrive Corvallis, 1:45 P.M. Arrive Yaquina, 5:00 P.M.
Close connections with Oregon Development Co.'s Steamships for Portland and California trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
THE OREGON DEVELOPMENT CO'S STEAMSHIP LINE
SAIL:
FROM YAQUINA. FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
Yaquina City, Thurs., Feb. 17 | Willamette, Tues., Feb. 22
Yaquina City, Mon., " 21 | Santa Maria, Sat., " 26
Yaquina City, Sat., " 26 | Willamette, Wed., Mar. 2
Santa Maria, Mon., Mar. 1 | Yaquina City, Thurs., " 5
Yaquina City, Fri., " 4 | Willamette, Sun., " 8
Santa Maria, Thurs., " 10 | Yaquina City, Tues., " 13
Yaquina City, Wed., " 9 | Yaquina City, Fri., " 18
The Company reserves the right to change sailing dates.
Rates between Corvallis and San Francisco
Saloon and Cabin $14—Rail and Steerage $9.50
For further information apply to
CHAS. C. HOGUE, A. G. F. & P. Agt., Corvallis.
OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA
VIA
Oregon & California R. R.
And Connections.
Fare to San Francisco $33.15 to Sacramento $30.
These connections made at Ashland with stages for California, Oregon and Idaho Stage Company.
(DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAYS.)
East Side Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND ASHLAND.
Mail Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland..... 8:00 A. M. Ashland..... 6:15 P. M.
Ashland..... 8:00 P. M. Portland..... 6:15 A. M.
Albany Express Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland..... 6:00 P. M. Lebanon..... 9:30 P. M.
Lebanon..... 4:45 A. M. Portland..... 8:00 A. M.
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
Daily between Portland and Ashland.
O. & C. R. R. Fairy makes connection with all regular trains on the East Side Div. from Roseburg.
West Side Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS
Mail Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland..... 7:30 A. M. Corvallis..... 12:05 P. M.
Corvallis..... 1:30 P. M. Portland..... 5:55 P. M.
Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific R. R. for Yaquina Bay.
Express Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland..... 8:30 P. M. McMinnville..... 9:30 P. M.
McMinnville..... 5:35 A. M. Portland..... 6:30 A. M.
Through tickets for sale and baggage checked to all principal points in California, Oregon and Nevada. Also for sale at reduced rates tickets for principal points in California and Oregon, not obtained at company's office.
Office at Foot of Jefferson Sts., Portland, Or.
Tickets will not be received or baggage checked at depots on the East or West Side Divisions.
H. HOWARD, Superintendent.
J. C. MAYO, Agent, Portland.
OREGON RAILWAY & NAVIGATION CO.
COLUMBIA RIVER ROUTE
Train for the East leaves Ash st. wharf every day at
8:15 P. M.
Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to St. Paul and Duluth without change. Connects at St. Paul with trains from the East arrives at
8:30 A. M. every day.
SAN FRANCISCO LINE.
Steamer leaves Ash-street wharf, Portland, for San Francisco, touching at the Dalles, Lyle, Cascades, Portland, Astoria, and Ilwaco, as follows:
FROM PORTLAND. FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
Columbia..... Monday, Mar. 7 | Columbia..... Wednesday, Mar. 9
Columbia..... Saturday, " 12 | Columbia..... Monday, " 14
Columbia..... Wednesday, " 16 | Columbia..... Saturday, " 19
Columbia..... Monday, " 21 | Columbia..... Wednesday, " 23
Columbia..... Saturday, " 26 | Columbia..... Monday, " 28
Connections at Ilwaco with steamers to and from Victoria, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, and New Whatcom.
TO ASTORIA.
Leaves Ash-street wharf, Portland, at 8 A. M. for Astoria.
TO DALLES AND CASCADES.
Leaves Ash-street wharf, Portland, at 7 A. M. daily, except Sunday.
TO ORTLAND AND CASCADES.
Leaves Dalles at 7 A. M. daily, except Sunday.
Leaves Cascades at 2 P. M. daily, except Sunday.
Connects at Cascades with Oregon Railway & Navigation Co.'s trains to and from Portland.
GENERAL OFFICE, ASH STREET WHARF.
A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agent.
JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

The Sunday Oregonian.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Live Stock of the United States Compared with Other Countries.

Injunctions' Salaries—District Attorney McCarthin's Opinion of Sunday Land Cases—The Yakima Indians—Railroad Rights of Way.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—A pamphlet just issued by the department of agriculture gives many interesting figures as to the number and value of farm animals in this and other countries. From it are culled the following facts: In the United States there is a slight increase over last year in the number of horses, mules, milch cows, oxen and other cattle, but a decrease in sheep and swine. It is stated that the ruinous influence of low prices of wool sheep have been so reduced in numbers that the comparative scarcity, with increasing wool values in the other parts of the world has given prices an upward turn and sheep are coming into greater demand. As to swine, the ravages of cholera have been so heavy that stock hogs have not been kept up to the recent standard of supply. In round numbers the total of farm animals in the different states and territories is to-day: Horses, 10,000,000; mules, 2,000,000; milch cows, 14,000,000; oxen and other cattle, 33,000,000; sheep, 45,000,000; swine, 44,000,000.

The values of horses, sheep and swine have slightly increased during the year. There is a decline in values of cattle, owing to increase of numbers. The average value of horses is $72; mules, $78; milch cows, $26; oxen and other cattle, $19; sheep, $2; swine, $4. The aggregate values of farm animals in the United States is given at $2,400,000,000.

In Oregon the estimated number of horses on farms is 167,000, mules 3155, milch cows 75,000, oxen and other cattle 643,000, sheep 2,000,000, hogs 230,000; in Washington territory, horses 94,000; mules 1231, milch cows 62,000, oxen and other cattle 360,000, sheep 550,000, hogs 90,000. In the number of horses Illinois ranks first of all the states, the figures therefor being 1,059,-000. Texas 1,038,000, Iowa 978,000, Ohio 701,-000, California 289,000. Missouri ranks first in mules, the number being 218,000; Tennessee and Texas have each about 190,000. Mules are comparatively more numerous in the Southern and Northern states. In milch cows New York and neighbor states, the number being 1,495,-000. Texas comes second with 1,243,000, Illinois has 1,200,000, Pennsylvania 911,000, Ohio 775,000, California 744,000. Texas holds a one-fifth part of all the oxen and other cattle in the country, the number being over 6,000,000. Iowa has over 3,000,000, Illinois 1,500,000, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming have over 1,000,000 each, and California nearly 900,000. California stands foremost in sheep, its records giving over 6,000,000. Texas, Colorado and New Mexico have more than 4,000,000 each. Next to these, and standing fifth in rank, comes Oregon with her 2,593,000. New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa and Colorado have more than 1,000,000 each. Iowa has more hogs than any other state, the number being 4,461,000. Missouri, Illinois Texas, Indiana, Nebraska, Ohio and Kansas follow in the order named, all having over 2,000,000 each. California records 1,017,-000. The territories and the New England states are the smallest numbers.

In the number of cattle the United States with over 43,000,000 easily leads all other countries of the world. Russia, in Europe, ranks second with 24,240,000. Argentine Republic has 18,-000,000; Germany, 15,600,000; France, 13,000,-000; Great Britain and Ireland, 10,472,000. If the different divisions of India be taken as one, the number therein will be about 20,000,000, according to the latest statistics. In all British America there are not over 4,000,000 cattle. In the United States, in Europe, ranks first, the number being 20,000,000. In the United States Census 12,000,000; Argentine Republic, 5,000,-000; British America, 1,000,000. The United States also ranks first in mules and asses, the number being over 2,000,000. Spain comes in as a good second with 1,852,000. Argentine Republic with her 45,000,000 leads in sheep; America has about 50,000,000; United States, 44,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 28,000,-000; France, 22,000 000; Germany, 19,000,000; British America, 2,500,000. The United States with her 41,000,000 of swine lacks but little of having as many as all the rest of the world combined. Germany ranks second with 7,000,000.

POSTOFFICES AND SALARIES.

In a report just submitted from the house committee on postoffices and post roads on the classification, compensation and allowances to postmasters, is found a showing by states of the number of fourth-class postoffices where the salary is $10 or less per quarter, and the number of each grade caused by the increase of $10 per quarter up to $250, being all of the fourth-class offices from which returns had been received for the quarter ending September 30, 1885, on the returns of which quarter the table is constructed. By this table it appears that at that period the number of the fourth-class offices in Oregon was 90; in Washington territory, 376. The number of $10 or less for the quarter was: Oregon, 90; Washington, 168; $20 or more than $10, Oregon, 10; Washington, 84; $30 or more than $20, Oregon, 71; Washington, 57; $40 or more than $30, Oregon, 38; Washington, 23; $50 or more than $40, Oregon, 24; Washington, 20; $60 or more than $50, Oregon, 23; Washington, 13; $70 or more than $60, Oregon, 13; Washington, 14; $80 or more than $70, Oregon, 10; Washington, 14; $90 or more than $80, Oregon, 10; Washington, 10; $100 or more than $90, Oregon, 16; Washington, 7; $110 or more than $100, Oregon, 4; Washington, 10; $120 or more than $110, Oregon, 4; Washington, 1; $130 or more than $120, Oregon, 2; Washington, 2; $140 or more than $130, Oregon, 2; Washington, 2; $150 or more than $140, Oregon, 4; Washington, 2; $160 or more than $150, Oregon, 2; Washington, 2; $170 or more than $160, Oregon, 2; $180 or more than $170, Oregon, 3; $190 or more than $180, Oregon, 1; $200 or more than $190, Oregon, 1; $220 or more than $210, Oregon, 1; $230 or more than $220, Oregon, 1; $250 or more than $240, Oregon, 5; Washington, 1. When the compensation is $250 per quarter the office ceases to be fourth-class.

JUDGE MCARTHUR'S SWAMP-LAND VIEWS.

The following, the substance of a letter written July 3, 1885, by Agent Shackleford to Commissioner Sparks, is published for the information it contains. Having collected certain facts, it seems that he asked permission of the commissioner to suggest to the U. S. district attorney for Oregon the advisability of recommencing suit against those parties whom he found had committed frauds in the securing of swamp lands. Shackleford says: "I went immediately to the District Attorney McArthur and stated fully to him all the facts. He presented the matter to the attorney general to consent to the same because of the lapse of time, and the fact of the opinion now held by the land officers of alleged swamp lands to Fulton and Owen's grantees and several parties who sold the original conspirators and that, in 1881-5, were acts done in pursuance of said conspiracy and that, being parties connected with the original conspiracy, are still liable to the statute, notwithstanding the statute. * * * It is the opinion that the chief men can be reached after the smoke and convicted. * * * These frauds were planned and brought to a head by men of wealth and influence, and as they have succeeded by bribery and perjury to their aid in robbing the government it is to be expected they will use money and corrupt grand juries to prevent indictments, and failing in that to corrupt the petit jurors to prevent convictions. This investigation of crime, which will be the first serious attempt made upon this strong band of land thieves, will be the severest test of their guilt ever made. The proof of their guilt is overwhelming, and their conviction will only be reached by the most desperate contest. The effect of their conviction would be of the most salutary character. It would restore to perjury its deserved infamy and brand anew with the shame of Judas Iscariot, practically disclaiming any reflection on the department of justice, I desire to say that unless these intended prosecutions are freely and vigorously pushed by that department with all the ardor at its command, the criminal actions against unconvicted felons had better be abandoned now rather than have them result in miserable failure, laughter and contempt." At present writing the above words may not be of great public interest. If, however, they are carefully read, they may prove of especial interest when taken in connection with certain information which possibly may be authenticated within a few days and which will then be made public.

DELEGATE HAILEY OF IDAHO

Submits this week a lengthy report in reporting adversely on the bill that passed the senate last session, to accept and ratify an agreement made with the confederated tribes and bands of Indians occupying the Yakima reservation, in the territory of Washington, for the extinguishment of their title of so much of said reservation as is required for the use of the Northern Pacific railroad, and to make the necessary appropriations for carrying out the same. The agreement for the right of way through this reservation, which was signed by eighteen Indians, contains a long list of whereases, reciting different acts of congress to aid the Northern Pacific, and Mr. Hailey sees no reason why they should be embodied in the bill before congress unless it is for the purpose of having congress approve them, thereby indirectly extending the time for the construction of the road and also indirectly confirming its land grant. Says the report: "The Yakima Indians should not be dragged in and made a party to some old acts of congress that were enacted years ago, in reference to a matter of business between the United States and the Northern Pacific Railroad company, which those Indians had no interest, neither did they take any part. If the Northern Pacific Railroad company have legal rights under the acts of congress referred to, why do they not resort to the courts to enforce them?"

Another point made is that on the reservation there are 3200 Indians, of whom 600 are adult males. Mr. Hailey claims that as only eighteen Indians signed the agreement and as there nowhere appears that there had been conferred on them authority to act for the remaining 582, it is not fair to presume that the majority of the Indians are in favor of the agreement. Attached thereto is a certificate from the official interpreter stating that he had read and explained the agreement to the eighteen Indians named. The interpreter cannot write, therefore he signs his mark. The report says: "How this interpreter, who could not sign his own name, could read and explain this agreement (with certain parts of acts of congress) to these Indians could all understand it we must confess is a riddle that we cannot solve." For these reasons the committee recommend that the bill do not pass.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

A friend who has been digging among the musty tombs in the congressional library has found a book, published over eighty years ago, that contains a few ideas not much unlike some held and lately advanced by Oregon's governor. The title of the book reads: "Sampson against the Philistines, or the reformation of lawsuits; and justice made cheap, speedy and brought home to every man's door, agreeably to the principles of the ancient trial by jury, where the same was innovated by judges and lawyers. Compiled for the use of the honest citizens of the United States, to whom it is dedicated." The author, William Sampson, states that the purpose of his work "is to expose to full view the prodigious evil of our jurisprudence, to show the absurdity of common law and to suggest a competent remedy for that evil by a reform." Speaking of the power exercised by judges he says "that under color of common law they assume a power of legislation which belongs only to the representatives of the people in general assembly." The work contains a few sentences that may meet the approval of Oregonians who have demurred to the veto power exercised by the governor. The author holds that "the refusal to sanction good laws shows a dangerous disposition in an executive magistrate having a tendency to sacrifice the interests and property of the people to the lawyers."

RAILROAD RIGHTS OF WAY.

Delegate Hailey, of Idaho, in submitting to the house of representatives favorable reports on the bills granting rights of way through the Coeur d' Alene Indian reservation to the Spokane & Palouse railroad and to the Washington & Idaho railroad, states that the building of these roads will benefit the Indians and enable them to market their crops to better advantage than now. The past year their grain crop alone amounted to over 100,000 bushels. The bill provides that the consent of the Indians shall be obtained before the roads enter the reservation. The Spokane & Palouse railroad begins on the Northern Pacific at a point near Spokane Falls, and runs southeasterly to the Coeur d' Alene mining districts, about thirty miles of the road being within the reservation limits. The Coeur d' Alene district is the terminus of both roads, their object being to afford immediate rail transportation, both for the purpose of carrying out the large quantities of galena ore now being taken out of the mines and to carry in supplies for several thousand persons who are engaged in mining. The Spokane & Palouse road is now operating forty-three miles of standard-gauge road. The beginning point of the Washington & Idaho road is at a point near Farmington, on the O. R. & N. From here the proposed route is north and northeast to the mining district, about thirty-five miles being within the reservation. This reservation contains about 592,000 acres and about 450 Indians.

Petitions were yesterday presented in the house of representatives from Garfield Post, G. A. R., of Portland, James W. Nesmith Post, of Ted Valley, Meade Post, of Oregon City, and from Sedgwick Post, of Salem, praying for the passage of the dependent pension bill over the president's veto. The latter post states: "It was voted unanimously that President Cleveland is entitled to and should receive the condemnation of all good and true soldiers of the republic."

GRAY—BROOKS.

Private advices from Chicago give a pleasing description of the marriage on the 17th inst. of Miss Margaret Anna Gray to Lieut. Edward Cranston Brooks, of Oregon. The wedding took place at 6 o'clock at the bride's home, 2114 South Park avenue, where there were present the family and a number of the most intimate friends. Mr. Louis H. Gray, the bride's brother, was best man, and Miss Mary T. Patterson, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss Minnie Crilly, of Chicago, were maids of honor. The wedding procession entered the parlor to the wedding march of "Lohengrin," played by Signor Valle's mandolin orchestra. The service was performed by the Right Reverend Bishop Cheeney of Christ's church, Chicago. During the ceremony the mandolin players played the "Angel's Serenade," and immediately afterwards the lively "Wedding Bells" song. The prettiest and most unusual feature was that it was a purely Marguerite wedding, symbolical of the bride's first name, every member of the wedding party wearing bouquets of marguerites. The bride was beautifully and simply dressed, wearing a dress of heavy soft white corded silk and tulle *en train*, and a long veil. The corsage was cut V-shape back and front at the neck, and Lady Kildare sleeves. The maids of honor wore short dresses of white silk and gauze, and, like the bride, carried bouquets of marguerites and white ivory prayer books, gifts from the bride. After congratulations all retired to the dining room, where a delicious supper was served. After the supper was over and many healths were drank the party returned to the parlors, where dancing was indulged in. Then the wedding couple retired to don their traveling suits, and bade good-bye to the assembly at 10:30, followed by a shower of rice and good wishes to take the train for St. Louis where they will spend a few days of their honeymoon and then proceed to their future home at San Antonio, Texas. The presents were from both Europe and America and were very handsome and numerous.

THE ANTHONY-HYDE PROPERTY.

For the sale of which Philip Ritz, of Walla Walla, was this week appointed agent, is land that was bought sixteen or seventeen years ago for a syndicate of capitalists, the principal man in the syndicate being W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropic banker of this city. Mr. Corcoran is growing old, being now in his 80s, and is desirous of disposing of all his outside property and placing his money where it will cost him less care. Mr. Ritz is instructed to effect a sale this summer if possible. The land consists of 244 acres in section 27, T 1 S, R 1 E, and in section 23, T 1 N, R 1 E, being near Portland; of 7000 acres at different points on Puget sound; of 560 acres in the Walla Walla valley, and of a tract of land near Astoria.

PERSONAL.

J. J. Browne, wife and family of Spokane Falls, reached here the evening of the 21st inst., and will probably remain until after the adjournment of congress. Mr. Browne is interested in a bill before congress, creating the Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Railway company, a corporation in both the territories of Washington and Idaho. If the bill receiving Northern Idaho to Washington becomes a law, this will obviate the necessity of Mr. Browne's special bill.

Representative Herman expects to remain in the city a few days after the adjournment of congress in order to close up matters pending in the departments. He will then go northward to New York, Boston, and into Maine, and may pay a friendly call to James G. Blaine in Augusta. Thence he expects to pass into Canada, stopping at Montreal and especially at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion.

From there his route will be via Grand Trunk railroad to Chicago and over the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line to Oregon.

H. A. Norton, of Oregon, was registered at the Ebbitt on the 21st.

Frank Allyn, of Keokuk, Iowa, recently appointed to a judgeship in Washington territory, returned here on the 22d from a week's visit to Baltimore. After his confirmation this week he left for his home in Iowa and as soon thereafter as possible will proceed to Washington territory. He thinks it may be twenty or thirty days before he can effect a settlement of his private affairs in Keokuk and be on the way to the northwest.

McKinley Mitchell, of Gervais, Oregon, left here for New Orleans on the 19th inst to attend the Mardi Gras. He expects to be in Washington again about the 12th of March, and soon thereafter return to Oregon.

Senator and Mrs. Warner Miller, of New York, will visit Oregon and Alaska this summer. Mr. Miller is the senator who, a few weeks ago, was defeated by Frank Hiscock for the senatorial term beginning March 4, 1887. Mr. Miller is said still to feel chagrined over his defeat.

Jas. P. Bennett, of Portland, was registered at the National on the 17th inst.

It is said that Arthur R. Delaney's appointment as collector of customs for Alaska, is being celebrated in Wisconsin as the happiest event of the reform era.

Congressman Hermann was announced to deliver a speech at Mt. Vernon, the tomb of Washington, on the 22d inst., Washington's birthday, but owing to indisposition and congress being in session, he was unable to fulfill his engagement on that day.

T. C. J.

INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

PORTLAND, Feb. 28.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

"I am a fanatical temperance man," said a prominent lecturer recently here. Such intemperance demands prohibition. Not that prohibitionists generally are fanatics or monomaniacs, however intemperate their temperance, but their zeal is intemperate and carries them too far. For so the intemperate spirit turns to fanaticism, and at what it will stop no one can say.

Yet if any reader of THE OREGONIAN'S editorials on the subject is not convinced of the inexpediency and impracticability of enforcing the proposed constitutional amendment "the argument is exhausted" to that extent, though reduced to positive demonstration, as by such testimony as the following:

WHISKY IN ATLANTA.

THE UTTER FAILURE OF PROHIBITION TO DO WHAT WAS CLAIMED FOR IT.

Evening Capital.

As a prohibition paper that has fought for that state because we do not believe the people of Atlanta had the nerve to carry it out, and if properly carried out would prove a blessing, we now feel it our duty, after a few months' trial, to pronounce it, to all appearances, a failure in Georgia and Atlanta. In fact, whisky and beer are sold almost as much as ever, only the city gets nothing for it. The promises of the prohibition leaders as regards increasing the police force and reducing expenses (criminal) and other promises, have proven a farce, and the city by its division, has been depressed or cast down in its unity, while other cities have profited by its misfortune. Liquor saloons are getting to be more numerous than ever and the license has been reduced from $1000 to $500 a year and the property holders will have to pay for the loss. The property holders will be assessed now to pay for extra police stations and losses by cutting off of licenses, and all the whisky work goes on and crime is not decreased.

And is conclusively by the uniform result in every state where the experiment is being tried, prohibition is proved a failure, and an aggravation of the evil wherever drunkenness prevails, even in its moral influence, for it induces fraud and deceit.

But leaving the question as thus satisfactorily settled in the charge of one who is a host in himself, there are other objections to the proposed amendment, which, I think, remain unconsidered by the press, and which it is hoped all thinking and right-minded men and women will regard as worthy of their most serious consideration.

The article prohibits the manufacture of all "fermented or intoxicating liquors whatever," among them "vinous," "except for medicinal, scientific or mechanical purposes." I select that particular form, or forms, for illustration of my objections, because any preparation of the juice of the grape is "vinous" and is forbidden to be manufactured, whether "fermented and intoxicating" or not.

A man may plant to him a vineyard may not make, say, wine except for the purposes specified. And the law will be either a dead letter or be evaded, for American citizens will not be dictated to as to what they shall drink, nor prevented from providing it for themselves as they can. But the real objection is that it is an arbitrary and dangerous infraction of individual rights.

There is this further objection to the act; its prohibition of "giving away or offering to give away" except as excepted—say for "medicinal purposes"—of the necessity in such cases who is to judge? Every man will and ought to judge for himself, and often must, in his own family at least.

And there is yet one objection, which is conclusive. The act is a violation of conscience, for it prohibits the use of wine in the administration of the Lord's supper. The minister may not "give" it to communicants; and if any one say nobody will hinder it, the minister would not the less be a lawbreaker. And, therefore, on that high ground the writer, a minister of the gospel, takes his stand, and would know of his brethren and all who regard the liberty of conscience and the ordinances of the gospel as sacred, "What are they going to do about it?" For himself, he claims to be a zealous advocate for temperance and for any legislation that would diminish intemperance, but he believes only in and trusts only in

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

"The Oregonian" on the Prohibition Question.

Salem Statesman.

The opinions of THE OREGONIAN upon the question of prohibition are heartily indorsed by the *Statesman*. The strength of THE OREGONIAN'S position is fortified by the facts of experience. However much we may deplore the fact, prohibition will not prohibit. Facts are what practical persons deal with. Theorists have told us that prohibition would prohibit, but it has not, and will not. In the face of this fact, will it be wise for the people of Oregon to put a law on the statute books which will be a dead letter and cut off the revenue from a traffic that will not be limited thereby, but will only be made the more degraded?

A Story of Phillips Brooks.

Springfield Republican.

One of the Boston ministers tells a story of Phillips Brooks which is quite too Brooksy not to be true. The minister had occasion to look up a very poor family, and climbed up four flights of stairs in a noisome tenement house on his errand. His tap at the door was answered by Phillips Brooks with a baby in his arms. Inquiry revealed the fact that the woman had been very sick and sorely needed fresh air, but had no one with whom to leave her little baby. Phillips Brooks found her out, gave her tickets for a horse-car ride, and was staying tending the baby while she enjoyed it.

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THE LAST BUFFALO HUNT.

Farewell to the Great American Bison

The End of a Bloody and Relentless Persecution—A Search for Specimens for the Smithsonian Institute.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

I am obliged to confess that I have been guilty of taking part in the extermination of the buffalo. Were it at all to my credit I could even boast of having just killed a greater number in proportion to the whole number now alive than any other man in this country except Jim McNaney. Between my three cowboys and I we killed about one-tenth of all the buffalo in the United States outside of protected limits. But I blush to own it, and I had not been to save to science and the public their skins and skeletons from total loss at the hands of reckless, care-for-naught cowboys, who now kill for the empty honor of slaughter, those buffalo of ours would now be alive (if not frozen to death), and facing the Montana blizzards. And yet, since the cowboys are killing them as fast as they can, regardless of the dictates of sense and humanity, and leaving them to decay where they fell, was it not our sworn duty to step in ahead of them and save something from the wreck? It certainly was; therefore curse me no curses for what we did. Bad luck to the rifles that have swept the buffalo away. May the dreams of the buffalo slayers be haunted as mine are now, by buffalo. I shall never get over the death of my last one. To me he was the last of his race, and he seemed to feel it as much as I. But for the absolute certainty that some wild cowboy would kill him on the next round-up, and leave him to rot where he fell, I swear I would gladly have let him go in peace, and will my blessing, too. But it was no time for sentiment. The Montana times were upon him, and to save him from total annihilation, to make him live again and stand forever in all his magnificence in the mammal hall of the national museum, I slew him.

A PERFUNCTORY HUNT.

You see, with us at the Smithsonian, it was what a cowboy would call "a grand hog case;" we were out of buffalo, and we had "got to get 'em," before they were all gone. As one of my chums remarked, it was "the most perfunctory buffalo hunt on record." The buffalo were going, going, and "gone" had already been called when we awoke one fine morning to a realization of the fact that we were caught "short" on buffalo, and there were none in the market. We hadn't a series of specimens, nor even good ones of any kind, whereas it was our duty to have the finest series in the world. Can we expect that the American people would be satisfied with anything short of the best in their National museum? By no means. When we thought of how we would be blessed (!) by future generations if we should fail now to secure a fine series of specimens, we (e. g. the editorial "we") actually trembled in our boots. The trouble was, we had lately been so deeply interested in mounting foreign mammals that we had failed to watch the disappearance of the buffalo, and we had been thinking all along that whenever we wanted a few lots of buffalo we could get them. Judge, then, of our surprise, and even consternation, when my numerous letters of inquiry all, save one, elicited the same response: "The buffalo are all gone, and I cannot tell you where you can find any."

But Prof. Baird was equal to this emergency, as to all others. He said: "Go at once in search of buffalo, and secure a series of specimens for the National museum at all hazards." Although the spring was then well advanced, and there was very little hope of finding buffalo before their shedding should have begun, the difficulty of finding any at all but fair to be so great it was decided that we should start at once, and search for buffalo until some were found, even though it took all summer. One of our correspondents, Dr. J. C. Merrill, of the army, reported that there were rumors of the presence of buffalo in four localities in the Northwest, and we decided that Miles City, Montana, was the key to the situation. Accompanied by my old friend, George H. Hedley, of Medina, and Mr. A. H. Forney, one of my regular laboratory assistants, we left Washington on May 13, 1886, on what was in fact as well as in name a Smithsonian expedition for buffalo. At a parting send-off, Capt. B——, lately returned from Montana, triumphantly offered to wager that we would not get more than one or two buffalo, all told.

A LONG TRIP.

I am sure no hunter ever started out with a longer face than did I, and the nearer we got to Montana the longer it grew. When we reached Miles City and were told by hunters, stockmen, army officers and finally a noted fur buyer that there were positively "no buffalo in the country anywhere," I know it would have measured nearly a yard. While moodily debating whether to go up to the Bear Paw mountains or the Panhandle of Texas prospecting, I had the good luck to meet Mr. Henry R. Phillips, a ranchman from the Little Dry, seventy miles northwest of Miles City. Now, I had been advised that a ranchman will never tell a hunter of the presence of game near his ranch, because he wants it preserved and preserved for his own rifle. Mr. Phillips was not that kind of a man. He said in a very quiet, but very convincing way:

"There are a few in Talo in the bad lands west of my range, for one of my cowboys killed a calf on Sand creek on the 11th of this month, and about thirty-five head have been seen. If you go up there and hunt them, and stick to it, you're almost certain to get some in the end."

That was enough. The very next day we rolled out across the Yellowstone, bound for Talo country, at the head of the Little Dry. The weather was then hot and water was very scarce, but the grass was good, and in due time we pitched our camp in what was supposed to be the buffalo country. Three days after reaching our hunting ground we caught a buffalo calf in the bad lands, alive, and within two miles of our camp. It was about two weeks old, but by hard traveling it had become so weak it could not keep up with its mother, and was easily abandoned. We carried it to camp across a horse, hurried it off to the ranch where there was a milch cow, and eventually got it to the Smithsonian in fine condition.

We hunted diligently for three weeks, and finally got two solitary old bull buffalo. One had shed half his winter coat, and the other all of it, his body being quite bare. We took their heads and skeletons, and, being well satisfied that there were more buffalo in that country, hastened back to Washington with all speed, saying as little as possible about our find. I planned to return in the fall and collect at least twenty specimens.

HISTORY OF EXTERMINATION.

It is a sad thing to say, but the great American bison is practically gone forever. The Pacific railroad, the Sharp's rifle and man's insatiable destructiveness have done their work, and the noblest ruminant of them all has gone down before them. The leaden hail of the breech-loader has swept the millions of buffalo from the face of the earth before a single strong hand has been raised to stop the merciless slaughter. To look back upon the buffalo as they were only a few years ago only adds to our regret for their fate; but it may serve to point a moral very strongly in the direction of our few remaining elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep. Here, then, is the history, in brief, of the extermination of our grandest and most valuable American mammal:

Twenty years ago buffalo swarmed in countless thousands over the whole of the great pasture region of the west—from the Saskatchewan to Southern Texas, and eastward from the Rocky mountains to the borders of cultivation. Their number was estimated variously at from six to ten millions, and later figures have proven that the former was by no means above the actual fact. Within the memory of man or the limits of history, so far as I know, no other species of quadruped has ever existed on the earth in such mighty multitudes as did *Bos Americanus* twenty years ago. Often and often have plainsmen said to me, in speaking of former times, "The whole plain was *literally black with buffalo* as far as the eye could see! Every hill was covered and every hollow was full." There were thousands of isolated bulls of them, and where a big herd was encountered travelling it extended literally unfathomable. One that I knew of was five hours in passing a given point in a solid column, ten to twenty abreast, "on a dead run." Trains on the first railways built across the plains were sometimes stopped for hours at a time by thousands of buffalo swarming on the track, and travelers have gone over 120 miles of territory through an almost unbroken herd. In all that we have read of the marvelous abundance of wild animals on the plains of South Central Africa, even the most exaggerated accounts fall far below what we actually know of the presence of the buffalo in the United States.

THE DEADLY BREECH-LOADER.

When the men of the west saw the level plains of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and the Indian territory and the rolling uplands of Dakota, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana actually swarming with buffalo, they said: "There will always be plenty of buffalo; it will be impossible to kill them all off." So let them they went, first in the blind fury of wanton destructiveness, but later in the more energetic and deadly warfare of killing for money. No one thought of protecting the buffalo, and had any one spoken of it he would have been called "a crank." But see what the deadly breech-loader has accomplished in eleven short years.

The building of the Union Pacific railroad from Omaha to Cheyenne in 1866-7 cut through the very center of the great buffalo range, and from this railway as a base of supplies and means of shipment the buffalo hunters scattered north and south, killing great numbers. Thus was the great herd cut in twain, never to be reunited (save in death,) and the two portions were from that time known respectively as the northern and southern herds. The staked plain of Texas was the geographical center of the great southern herd and the town of Glendive, Montana, was the center of the other. In a short time the building of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Kansas Pacific and the Northern Pacific railways enabled the hunters to attack both the northern and southern herds in front, flank and rear.

Through the destructive facilities afforded by the Union Pacific road and the two others nearest it on the south, the great southern herd was practically blotted out of existence in three years time, viz: 1872-3 and '4. It was in 1870 that the railroads fully "opened up" the buffalo country, and two years later some evil commercial genius discovered that buffalo robes and hides were merchantable and could be sold in immense quantities at paying prices.

That sealed the fate of the buffalo. In the years 1872-3 and '4 the A. T. & S. F. road carried out 459,463 buffalo hides, and Col. Dodge considers it quite certain that its two rivals each carried equal, if not greater number, making a grand total of 1,378,389 hides.

RESULT OF HIDE HUNTERS.

But Col. Dodge declares that up to 1873 so wasteful were the methods of the hide hunters that one hide delivered represented three buffalo killed. From 1874 onward the hunters took more care with skins, since they were getting scarce, so that every 100 marketed represented only 125 dead buffalo. Taking the lowest

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Prosaic Subject of Sweeping and Dusting Ably Discussed.

Mrs John A. Logan a Remarkable Woman—Mrs. Putnam Heaton's Interesting Budget of the Latest News and Gossip.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—To begin at the beginning, it should always be remembered in furnishing a room that sweeping will be a frequent, if not a daily, necessity. This necessity, together with the invasion of the buffalo moth, is gradually bringing in the fashion of thick rugs or carpets, covering only the center of polished floors. There are many reasons why this style of floor covering should be adopted, but we are at present concerned only with the most obvious one. There is no more prolific source of dirt, no more unwholesome, unCleanable article in the whole house than a thick carpet tightly nailed to the floor and reaching to the very mop-board. In most families a carpet does duty just as long as it can be made decent by careful darning and turning about. It is probably safe to say that the average life of a carpet is six years, while many of them do good service for twice that length of time. What an accumulation of filth; what a repository of vile odors; what a breeder of disease must it become, with any but the very best of care! If this were the only reason why it should be discarded, one would think it must quickly go. But conservatism is as strong in house furnishing as in politics or religion, and the carpet is destined to hold sway for a long time to come. If we must have carpets, then let us choose them wisely and care for them intelligently.

The advice so often given to buy only the best things because they are the cheapest in the end is apt to be very poor advice in regard to carpets. By all means buy the best and handsomest if you can afford to replace them often enough so that you may always have a comparatively clean carpet. If expense is a very important consideration, choose a good, firm ingrain or other serviceable carpet of moderate cost. It will wear as long as it ought to be used and then it can be replaced by a clean one.

A LABORIOUS TASK.

Sweeping is a very laborious task, and when properly performed should not need to be repeated until some days have elapsed. Hence it is important to choose a carpet which will not show every shred or bit of dust. Avoid dark colors and plain blocks or spaces of any one color. Soft subdued tints and mixed patterns give most satisfaction. John Burroughs, speaking of the pine forest says: "Let the designers come here and get the true pattern for a carpet—a soft, yellowish brown, with only a red leaf or a bit of gray moss or a dusky lichen scattered here and there—a background that does not weary or bewilder the eye or insult the ground loving foot." Just such a carpet as that would delight the heart of the housewife. If, in the endless round of household duties, sweeping day must be postponed, such a carpet would tell no tales.

As in a great many other tasks, the getting ready is the worst part of sweeping. The sweeper should incase herself from head to foot in calico, which is none the worse for a good dusting, since a vigorous shake will remove all traces of it. The first thing to do is to take all ornaments and articles of instead out of the room after carefully dusting them with a soft cloth, then brush and fold every table spread, mantel scarf and removable bit of drapery which the room contains, shake the curtains and protect them as best you may from the dust. Dust and remove such articles of furniture as are not too heavy, so that you may have a clear field. Cover all remaining articles with cloths and then you are ready to begin. It is safe to call in Bridget at this stage of affairs if you choose, but do not leave her to her own devices, or your careful preparations will be followed up by only indifferent sweeping.

HOW TO SWEEP.

Provided with a good, flexible broom, she should begin at the very edge of the room, go carefully all around it, moving the broom with vigorous sweeps parallel with the walls and close to them. This will dislodge the dust that has settled between the carpet and the mop-board, and prove something of a discouragement to the carpet moth as well; though we cannot hope to evict him, when once comfortably settled, by any such means; a brush broom or whisk may be needed to supplement the broom in the corners, when the sweeper has thus made the circuit of the room, she may go all around it again, this time sweeping towards the center, and so she may proceed in ever lessening circles, until the dust and dirt are gathered in a heap in the middle of the floor. After the pile is carefully removed, and the place which it occupied brushed until it looks as fresh as the rest of the carpet, the windows may be opened and the operator sit down to rest.

This, in some houses, would be considered a carefully swept floor, but the mistress who has taken the pains to get her room ready as it should be got ready hesitates to return the furniture until the dust is removed from the carpet. Well she knows that in that case she may put her sweeping days twice or three times as far apart as if the work were carefully done. Then, when the dust is settled, take the carpet-sweeper—an article which should be in every house—and go carefully over the whole room, first in one direction and then at right angles to it. Any one who has never tried it will be surprised at the quantity of fine dust thus removed. It needs only a slight examination of the contents of the sweeper to explain why in so many rooms dusting is a constant necessity.

TO FINISH THE WORK

as it has been begun, let Bridget take a pail of water into which a spongeful of ammonia has been put and go over the whole carpet on her knees, wringing her cloth dry and rubbing vigorously. It is hard work but it pays. When the carpet is clean, carefully remove the cloths from the pictures and furniture and shake them out of doors. Dust with a soft cloth, wiping the dust up, and folding it into the cloth, which must be shaken often. Never risk the seriousness of using a feather duster or any other contrivance which merely whisks the dust of one article to settle upon another. It is a good plan to follow up the dusting by a vigorous rubbing of the furniture with a soft flannel cloth upon which a few drops of oil or furniture polish have been put. If there is a stove in the room rub it with a flannel that moistened with blacking. When all is ready bring back the furniture and ornaments, changing their arrangement somewhat, and sit down to view the result.

Ten to one if a friend should happen in she will declare that you have taken an hour's rest and cleaned the room. I would, in fact, give more for such a sweeping than for the cleaning of many housekeepers, who knew that their carpets are taken up and put down again, but who do not know how much or how little beating they may have had. A room thus swept, if not in constant use, may go a long time with occasional brushings with the sweeper, and thus prove a saving in time and strength, as well as a genuine satisfaction to the woman who hates dirt and can only be happy in its absence.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

The great woman-heart of the country is beating this week in unison with that of the widowed Mrs. John A. Logan. The memorial services at the senate brought out a multitude of ladies, all anxious to testify, by this act of respect, to their admiration for one who may certainly be classed among the group of interesting widows of great generations, Victoria, Eugenie, the queen of Spain, poor Carlotta, Mrs. Garfield, she all personages who command at once our deference and our sympathy; and Mrs. Logan belongs to the same category of respected relicts of prominent men. The illustrated papers have made the features of this admirable woman familiar to the public, but here exists with her a subtle charm of physiognomy which no photographic portraiture can show forth. There is a fascinating curve about the tiny mouth and a brilliant flash in the highly intelligent eye which would tax the ingenuity of Millais himself to reproduce on canvas. The snow-white hair, of which so many flattering things have been said and which is worn high outlined over a still youthful face, was, like that of Marie Antionette, an endowment of gold. When she was but just past in her father's third, leaving a motherless family of five young children. The infant orphans were left, without fortune, at some remote station on the frontier. Immediate succor was imperative. The moment was one which a close vote on an important question rendered Senator Logan's presence in Washington an absolute necessity. So alone, at a bitter season, Mrs. Logan journeyed across the country to help the little brood of younglings. When she beds aden to her bosom her raven hair fell in silken ringlets to her waist; when she returned to him, three weeks later, her locks were as white as they are to-day. The anxiety and sorrow of the trip, which included the interment of her sole remaining parent and the assumption of the duties of motherhood to five children, had culminated in that tangled evidence of brain disturbance, the rapid blanching of the hair. Mrs. Logan is now only 48 years old. She was thirteen years the junior of her husband.

Those who love this noble woman—that means all who ever knew her—are earnestly hoping that the movements on foot to secure her financial tranquility may be amply successful. The old manse on the hill which she inhabits is a fitting habitation for the widow of one of the most celebrated of the country's departed heroes. She should be left to occupy it in peace and comfort. Detached from the main body of the house is a long corridor, now unused, in which Mrs. Logan intends to gather all the hallowed relics which belonged or appertain to her husband. She will call it Memorial hall. If she should perchance contemplate the occasional admission of the public, no doubt the privilege would be as highly valued as is now that of visiting Mount Vernon.

OLIVE LOGAN.

OF WHAT USE IS FINE LINGERIE?

You have heard about the young ladies who club together to hire one suite of rooms and take turns in keeping house, and who have at least one best dress in common, for what they call grand (but I call masculine) occasions. Such coteries are increasing in number continually. I have read learned accounts of them as straws to show that the wind of the world of labor is setting towards co-operation. I do not pretend to have brains enough in my little head to discuss that, but I begin to think the common ownership of clothes enters as much into the formation of these clubs as anything. First, the best suit, which is as many times better than one miss can buy as there are girls in the club; after that the freedom from boarding house rules and gossip and monotonous food, and finally the cheapness of living—those are the inducements that develop these clubs. If you had ever lived in a boarding house, with ham and eggs five mornings in the week, and all the household peeping over the balusters whenever your best company called to see you, to say nothing of hearing next morning that some sour old maid in the back parlor thought it a shame that gentleman callers should stay as late as 11 o'clock in a respectable house—you would see which way the wind blew yourself.

A PARTNERSHIP DRESS.

I was in one of these clubs late the other day, where five ladies live together in a suite of six rooms. We girls are all babes in the woods, waiting for some man to find us and bring us to matrimony; but three of these misses, poor dears, had strayed so far among the trees that I fear no husband will ever hunt them up. The new young girls keep getting married and the old ones keep getting new companions to make up the five. But the three charter members are still in the woods. Well, of course, I was shown the best dress first of all. It hung in the parlor closet, inside an unstarched skirt, with a beaded basque in a box by itself. It certainly was a love of a dress, just between lilac and dark purple in color, and made of silk so heavy and stiffened so with jeweled trimming that it could have stood up at a queen's reception without needing a woman inside of it. It cost these five girls $35 apiece.

What a history it could tell! How many parts it plays. It takes Alice very gravely to church on Sundays with her civil engineer. It becomes giddy and flirtatious on the pretty form of Gertie, as it accompanies her to plays and afterwards to little suppers on Friday nights. It is fairly strained with suppressed excitement when, on the back of Mary, it is forever being squeezed into cabs on Thursdays, with pinchings and covert pressures thrown in. And then it is as prim as a Quaker's gown when Viola takes it to the water color exhibition and all the dreary lectures on art. Last year's dress was in the same closet—good enough for occasions when the gentlemen happened to insist on the girls going out at once.

A SYMPHONY IN UNDERWEAR.

But what is a new light on these clubs for me was being shown a bureau drawer full of the very daintiest linen—shirts, you know, and corset covers and—well, the whole set out; each garment, whether bifurcated or in one piece, being formed of a wealth of insertion and plaiting, and tucks and trimming of lace or embroidery. That drawer was simply a symphony in underwear.

"I guess with the best dress," I was told, I said "of course," though I hadn't ever thought of such a thing, and I suppose to a man it would seem perfect nonsense. Yet the minute I saw the things I conceded the logic and propriety of having them. That, married woman tell me, is what men never can understand—why a woman must be as perfect in regions invisible as in her outer garb. What if nobody but a washerwoman does see the exquisite lace and embroidery in a maiden's possession? She knows she is wearing it. She knows she is as nearly perfect as she can be. My goodness! What a thought there is in that sentence! Why, I never shall forget how it is to feel the other way. I had such an experience once. I was to speak a graduating piece at school. I wrote it out and committed it to memory and spoke it to my chums and relatives and my teacher. It was pulsed to the skies, of course. When the great day came I expected to walk on the stage, smiling and bowing right and left, for I knew that piece as well as I do my prayers. But on the way I stooped to pick up a glove. My knee strained a tight and diaphanous garment and r—i—i—p—it went a tear a foot long. On the stage I could think of nothing else. Every drop of blood went to my face. Every line fled my memory. It was exactly the same to me as if my skirts were transparent and everybody could see my misery.

AMY L. WEAVER.

A SKETCH OF JENNIE JUNE.

"It is thirty-two or thirty-three years ago now," said Jennie June, a few days ago, "since I came to New York to look for work on a newspaper, and how the situation has changed in that length of time."

"I had climbed the stairs to Mrs. Croly's snug little perch of an editorial office up under the roofs on the top floor of Demorest's publishing house, and had pushed open the door to see a cup of bouillon steaming away on the writing desk and a pen scratching busily over white paper.

"There was not in those days a woman at work in any newspaper office in this city," the chatty correspondent went on, as the ink ceased for a few minutes to flow, and she leaned back in reminiscent mood. "I applied first at the *Sun* office, thinking I might stand a better chance there than on some of the older and larger papers. They stared at me in blank amazement. To employ a woman on a newspaper was a thing almost unheard of. Margaret Fuller ought have paved the way by her work on the *Tribune*, but she was in the city so short a time comparatively that her example seemed to be altogether lost. The *Herald* and the *Tribune* both took articles from me, but neither thought of paying for them, and it ended as if the effort to find a place to do regular newspaper work was labor lost.

"As I remember it now," and Mrs. Croly looked up with a laugh, "the only consideration that the fighting public got from the whole body of New York editors in those days came in the shape of a little fashion letter from Paris in the *Commercial Advertiser* and an occasional translation from *La Follet* in the *Herald*.

"The change, when it did come, was sudden one. I got a chance on the *Weekly Times* at last, and within a year after I began there was hardly a weekly paper of any standing in the country that did not have a woman as correspondent, or to edit a column on topics supposed to be of interest to women."

HER ADVICE.

"And what sort of business for women does it make?" I asked. "Would you, with your experience behind you, advise a girl looking for a profession to try journalism?"

"There are few harder things that a girl can try," said Mrs. Croly thoughtfully, "if, instead of confining herself to occasional fashion notes and gossipy correspondence, she takes a place on the regular staff of a paper and shoulders some of the serious work of journalism. For the five years that I was on the weekly and Sunday *Times* the staff never exceeded three, and for the most part included only two persons. That was in war times, too, when people expected a good deal of life and fire from their papers. Between us we wrote the whole sheet except the weekly short story.

"I was the exchange editor, the dramatic critic, the musical critic and the book reviewer. I never turned in less than two columns, broad columns they were too, of editorials, and another column and a half of minor editorial sketches of politicians and generals. With all this I kept up a column and a half of my special department, 'parlor and sidewalk gossip,' and attended to pretty much all the mail and telegraph matter. Once for three weeks when the editor was laid up with rheumatism I wrote the whole paper, including his London letter—which was got up on this side of the water, by the way—and all.

"It was a hard life, and it is not any easier, though a good deal different, now. And yet a great many young women like it and are doing good, honest work in it right along to-day.

A WOMAN'S BEST CHANCE.

"The best chance for a women still, especially in New York, is in lines that women found their way into first, correspondence, social topics—and I'd rather take that in its best than in its worst sense—and book reviewing. It happens often enough, especially in the smaller cities, that a woman is accepted soberly as an editorial writer, and her mother wit is utilized—gratefully enough too since she works for small pay—on every topic with which the masculine brain is called upon to grapple; but such instances are as yet, I believe, the exceptions, though they are multiplying fast and may before long form the rule.

"It is one of the pleasantest things of to-day that there is no sex in good work. Sooner or later women will find their level, and what they can do there will not be lacking chances for them to do. As yet we lack, the most of us, the training that gives exactness and accurate habits of mind, but so fast as we find out what our deficiencies are, I believe we have common sense enough to remedy them."

"What part of your newspaper work have you enjoyed most?" I asked, as Mrs. Croly finished with the decided emphasis of a woman who believes in the possibilities of women.

"I used to bring down wrath upon my head," she laughed, "because I said I liked editorial work best, because I could do that in my sleep. Editorial writing suits the feminine temperament as a matter of course. The most that it requires is a positive opinion, and we women are never lacking in that. You study your subject, or not, as you choose. Then you assume an authoritative tone and declare your sentiments with distinctness and with all the force of the great impersonal newspaper property behind you. And the dear public reads and never once recognizes the hand of the single little woman that is all that is really represented by the autocratic pomp of the editorial "we."

THE BEST OF EDITORS.

"Seriously, though, women have had comparatively little chance to show what stuff they are made of in responsible newspaper positions. Mrs. Nicholson, the proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, makes the best of editors. She has more than kept up the reputation of the paper and directs its policy with acumen and good sense. But as a rule, newspapers, which are great pieces of property, money-making concerns as much as a big mill or a factory, nowadays require too much capital for many women as yet to have been associated in their ownership or to have had much to do with the real direction of their policy.

"Women are only serving their apprenticeship to the printer's craft yet, but they are doing their time well and faithfully. When I see a really scandalous thing in the columns of society gossip, I always hope and usually believe, no matter what the name signed at the close, that it was not really written by a woman, for I believe in the conscience as well as the aptitude of women. They have had their training to get, they have had to find out what their functions really are, and they have had to take into account the rapid changes in the newspapers themselves, which have developed amazingly in twenty years. Taking all things into account, they have done well and will do better yet in future. The one thing to hope for now is that with the new education, the new ambitions and the new work, the new woman will cling fast to the best part of the old, the tender womanhood, witehood and motherhood that the world cannot do without"—and Mrs. Croly drew her chair up to the desk again and rang for a boy to take away the bouillon that had grown cold waiting.

ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON.

INDOOR AND OUT.

I was reading this morning the constitution of the New England Woman's Press association. The idea of a National Press association for women journalists took shape at New Orleans during the winter of the exposition, and branches have been started in a good number of the states since. This New England constitution provides that "any woman who is regularly connected a professional writer with any reputable newspaper or magazine, as well as correspondents for papers outside of New England who are resident in this section, shall be eligible for membership." But its noticeable feature is the streak of conscience that runs through it and that seems to pervade almost all organized work of women of whatever sort. Article two provides, indeed, that one "object of the association shall be to promote acquaintance and good fellowship among newspaper women;" but it lays far more stress on the succeeding clauses, "to elevate the work and the workers; and to forward by concerted action through the press such good objects in social, philanthropic and reformatory lines as may from time to time present themselves." Women journalists may, for instance, get up a social dinner together, but they are almost certain while eating it to discuss, as the newspaper women of Boston are, a pretext doing, with even more relish than the good things before them, some project for getting women appointed as matrons at the police stations, or other charitable enterprise. It is characteristic of the women journalists, as of most other women in the mass, that when they come together their first idea is work, and still more work. They may some time appreciate the philosophy of a good time more and simply, but meantime the gospel of effort is not a bad one to master.

"My souvenir of the coal strike," said the mistress of a cozy little flat, as she noted a glance of curiosity toward the stiletto that after the fashion of such offensive weapons nowadays was thrust peacefully through the coils of her hair. "Yes, it is set with black diamonds, genuine ones," she went on, as she cropped the pauble toward which my eyes still wandered into my outstretched hand. "It was my favor at the german one night last week. It looked then as if it were never likely to see coal in any larger lumps, and the lady of the house gave us every one a coal jewel, scarpin for the men, breastpin, rings and hair ornaments for the women. Mine, you see, is quite a coal chip." It was a coal chip indeed, broken roughly from a lump of anthracite and set with the care that is usually bestowed on diamonds of a different color. Not beautiful decidedly, but quite the reverse. Its owner will keep the coal-studded stiletto as a memento of an experience through which the citizen of New York passes the worse for the city.

The earliest bonnets that the French milliners are beginning to send us as samples of what we are to expect the coming season afford little encouragement to the woman who would fain select her headgear with any reference to the genuine protection it might and ought to afford. Horse-shoe, pointed and gable crowns, are still to prevail, and the bonnet bids fair to continue the miniature toy head-dress that it has been for two seasons back. It is of no use to rebel. Madame returns your look of indignant inquiry with one of serene composure, and she informs you that shapes any wider of crown than your two hands put together in the form of a shed roof "are not worn," and Madame is right, as usual. They not only are not worn, they are not in the market at any price. The toy of fashion which builds the crown and piles the face trimmings up into the air, while absolutely refusing to protect the head, is likely to be carried to an even more insensible extreme the coming spring than in the past.

Last week while Rose Coghlan was playing at the Union Square theater I passed a group of people collected about her likeness in the window of a Broadway photographer. She was taken as Peg Wellington, and in the garb of the Irish orange girl turned star actress, was a charming creature to look upon so much so that the knot of gazers absorbed in the contemplation of the counterfeit failed to notice the original. For Rose, I was Rose herself, with shadow-ringed, vigilous stop that is the secret of so much of her pantomiming on the stage, was enjoying the rare February sunshine and had stopped on the outside of the group her own picture had called together. Nobody recognized her, nobody looked at her. She watched the interested gathering a minute and then passed on. If ill eyes had been turned the other way, full on her face, she might have attracted as little notice. It is seldom, after all, that we know by daylight the people who amuse us under the gaslight. The most popular first violin in the city orchestra was my vis-a-vis on the horse car this morning, and not a glance was cast towards him.

She, quietly to her next neighbor as she peeled indifferently with her moist squab: "Do you enjoy the war articles in *Scribner's*?"

He, somewhat surprised. "Why there aren't any. That's their strong point; even the newsboys cry it on the street, "*Scribner's* no war articles!"

She persisting: "But they're in for the long-est series of all. They've begun with Cesar and all Gaul is divided into three quarters, and they'll bring it down to the present time."

Meeting Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the editor of *Outing* the other day, I asked him if Stevens' bicycling tour round the world continued to be, as it has been reputed, the greatest drawing card of that magazine. "Well," said he, "we have to take an idea sometimes from the newsdealers, whether it agrees with our own or not, and I have noticed that the current number, as it is spread out for sale, is usually opened either at the frontispiece or at the pictures in the sparring articles from instantaneous photographs of Billy Edmunds and Arthur Chambers, standing up to each other." Such is life, such the popularity of the "noble" art and such the taste of a not small proportion of the reading public.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. WOODARD, CLARK & CO., Agents.

I refer to that small army of able and ener-

NEW YORK LETTERS.

To Enjoy Metropolitan Life One Must be Master of His Eyes.

The Hospital Rounder, and the Easy Life he Leads —The Great Editors in the War—Litigation Over Wills.

(Special Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—The greatest secret of enjoying existence in this city is that one must be absolutely master of his own eyes. Queer idea, eh? Is not every one master of them? No, indeed, and to be so is the constant aim of every man and woman who comes here to stay, as well as a host of the natives. "Hungry Joe," the arch confidence operator, used to say that he could distinguish a stranger by his hat or shoes. The idea that these betray men is so deep rooted that many strangers always buy New York hats and shoes as soon as they arrive, while others who expect to come often to town order these wearables from city shops. But you can get correct hats and shoes in any large city and you can get off styles in the Bowery.

Besides some of our best known citizens lack the metropolitan stamp. Elbridge T. Gerry, commodore, philanthropist and president of a great reformatory society, looks like a Jersey farmer in the fur cap he wears, even in the warmest weather. George Francis Train has tanned his skin like a Texan, and has the general air of a man from a new community. Joseph Keppler, the caricaturist, appears to have come fresh from Germany on one day, and from Spain on the next, so oddly does he attire himself. Ex-Mayor Edson always looks like a man escaping from the cares of a busy country grocery. Perry Belmont looks like a gentleman farmer immersed in country life, and nobody who sees Stephen V. White, the millionaire broker and congressman, with his full beard, bent form and inattention to dress, can trace in his appearance any close connection with the typical aspect of a Gothamite. Cyrus W. Field is another countryman, born and perpetual, while Gov. David B. Hill (who is an Elmira man) can't be told from a New Yorker by anything about him. But whatever one looks like he must control his eyes or life will be perpetual torment to him. Our dudes and Anglo-maniac society men carry the thing too far. They go about forever looking over every one's head or else staring with a dead and fine glass, look insulting alike to whomsoever they glance at and to their own intelligence. This the think "the grand air," and their admirers dub it aristocratic. A ward politician the other day said to me that Maurice J. Power, the leader of the Cleveland faction of our democracy, was "getting aristocratic." I asked him how he was showing this. "Oh," said the heeler, "he always has a tired look, and he don't seem to see you less he wants to."

But by "eye-control" I mean the seeing of everything without being seen to do so. This necessity is bred by the hordes of street bandits that prey upon every man out of doors. Their number is legion and their ways are the ways of brigands. The New Yorker who goes about all his quarters is sure to suffer as Judge Noah Davis and his other self did when he met a diamond's eye. If a man lets his eyes fall on a boy who utters a peculiar street cry, he is apt to have from two to six newsboys leap for him like so many human catapults. As he steps from a hotel, theater, depot or club, if he allows his eyes to wander an instant, he will be at once surrounded and hemmed in by cabmen, each seeking his custom even by violence. If he turns his head to look at the mendicant who addresses him he may not be able to get rid of the fellow for a block. Resting the eye for an instant on a group of well-dressed men who may be interested in "a quiet game"), or on a shabby crowd (who may be a sergeant of a gang of outlaws), or on a boisterous drunkard, or a voluble crank—may prove to have very annoying results. I was talking the other day to a lady whose receptions are very popular, and I remarked that people commented very curiously on the difference between her manner indoors and her carriage on the street. "Indoors she was all affability and unconscious ease; and out of doors she was a personified poker.

"It's all put on out of doors," said she; "it goes on with my bonnet and wrap. I was in endless trouble as long as I yielded to my fascination to be natural and careless. Some adventures that I had were quite alarming, I can tell you. But now I am on my guard as long as I am out of doors."

She had achieved the mastery of her eyes. She had got on the knack of seeing everything half a block away and nothing any nearer—unless she chose. He who triumphs over his own optics is great enough to inhabit this city, saith the prophet. The most skilful New Yorkers have two ways of looking; they see everything in private and at the same time make up their minds what to look at public.

JULIAN RALPH.

The Hospital Rounder.

A few nights ago two rough-looking men were seated at a table in a South fifth avenue saloon, puffing their short-stemmed pipes and slowly sipping Italian schooners of beer.

"What has become of Harry?" said one, "I have not seen him since he was took sick."

"What has become of him?" answered the other; "why, he's turned 'hospital rounder.'"

In the conversation which ensued the meaning of the term was clearly set forth.

A "hospital rounder" is a pauper invalid who goes from hospital to hospital, and from city to city, until death puts an end to his wanderings. In most cases he is afflicted with some incurable disease. Unlike the majority of the extreme poor, who prefer to suffer in squalor, surrounded by their friends, he demands the best attendants, the best medical care and the greatest amount of comfort. It is for these reasons that he works the hospitals. As these institutions in all of our large cities are run indoor identity of each other, it is a comparatively easy task. In New York he has a large field.

Starting with Bellevue, he can run through the whole list of free hospitals without fear of detection.

It is not until the physicians discover that his malady is incurable and that he may live for several years, a helpless invalid that they turn him over to the commissioners of charity to be cared for at the public expense. When this subject is broached he prefers to care for himself, and he does it by applying to another hospital.

When New York is no longer an eligible place he migrates to Boston or Philadelphia, and practises the same operations. From there he will go to every large city east of the Mississippi, and in the course of a few years, if he remains alive, will reappear in New York, furnished in the lapse of time, to accommodate his strange journey. Some have money, but it is not known until after their death. One good friendless man, who lived for years in this manner, narrowly escaped the dissecting knife of the Potter's field. A bank book was discovered in the lining of his coat two days after he was dead. Between its covers was a curious document. Its substance it stated that he had in the latter years of his life but three fears—one that he might be committed to a one public institution; the second that he would, after his death be "served in the interests of science;" and the third that his burial would be that of a pauper. The amount to his credit in the savings bank was over $100. He was buried in a separate grave in one of our suburban cemeteries, and a marble tombstone marks the place of his rest. There is something pathetic in this, knowing that death was inevitable, being without friends or the ability to earn money, he steadfastly clung to the little fund which was to accord him a respectable burial.

J. P. BITTER, JR.

The Great Editors in the War.

In a recent speech to his fellow-soldiers on Governor's island Gen. Sherman repeated his well-worn glorification of the half-dozen generals to whom we owe the salvation of the Union. In a recent number of the *North American Review* Donn Piatt, who is anything but a worshiper of military heroes, and who maintains that the "gen rals" have exaggerated their own importance as Union-savers, held up the great functionaries of state to whom, as he argued, the overthrow of the rebellion was largely due men like Seward, who managed the intricate diplomacy of the secession years and prevented foreign intervention; or like Chase, who gave us the financial system which promoted the national success; or like Stanton, who did the great office work of the war department; or, above all, like Abraham Lincoln, whose cautious temper and unyielding resolution played so large a part in the administration of affairs. Donn Piatt would give the crowning honors to these directing civilians rather than to the generals who merely "beat the quadrupeds in the field" and hurled upon the South the mighty forces whose supreme control was in other hands.

All well, Messrs. Sherman and Piatt; all well.

But there is yet another class of men beside generals and functionaries of the state whose services are priceless during the secession era must not be forgotten.

NEW MONEY KINGS.

Some of the Men who have Lately Accumulated Millions.

Gen. Samuel Thomas, Calvin S. Brice, John H. Inman and Alfred Sully—The Men who Played David to Jay Gould's Goliath.

(Special Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—One of the new railroad magnates that have arisen during the last few years is a tall, well-built man of 45, nervous and positive in manner, who would be a literary recluse if he was not by the force of events an energetic, ambitious capitalist, laying the foundations for a vast fortune. It is Alfred Sully. He is one of the ablest as he is one of the most reticent men in the financial circles of New York, and avoids rather than seeks publicity. I believe he is a distant relative of Gen. Alfred Sully. He was born at Buffalo, but after receiving a good academic education there he set out to try his fortune in the West. In Cincinnati he decided to study law, and was graduated from one of its law schools. Thence he went to Davenport, Iowa, where he commenced the practice of law under the firm name of Brown & Sully, which was later on changed to Brown, Campbell & Sully, and was known as the leading law firm of the city. Here he met Austin Corbin, now one of the best known railroad financiers in the country, but who was then a banker at Davenport. Mr. Sully, after acquiring considerable wealth from his law practice, came to New York in 1872. He had then such a taste for literature that he now determined to follow the literary calling, but meeting Mr. Corbin, that gentleman, knowing his business ability, tendered him the position of general manager of the Corbin banking company, which was accepted.

"His first connection with railroads," said a friend seated in a well-known broker's office in the Mills Building, "was in obtaining control of the Indiana, Bloomington & Western road. He afterwards purchased the Ohio Southern, of which he is still president, and all of the parties who originally joined him in this enterprise nearly doubled their money. His next scheme was in the Central Iowa road, and he made a great deal of money in this as well as in other roads in Illinois. His next move was to build the Eastern Railroad of Long Island. He displayed great ability in this enterprise he travelled all along the contemplated route, making eloquent speeches—for he is a good speaker—in behalf of the road and in soliciting a subsidy from the residents who would be benefited by its construction. His energy and determination in pushing this project alarmed Drexel, Morgan & Co., and they offered to sell the Long Island road, which would be injured by the proposed new road to him and Austin Corbin jointly for a price approximating $1,500,000. The contract of purchase was immediately signed by Sully and Corbin, and they both by good financial management, reaped a large fortune out of this purchase."

THE READING RAILROAD.

He was still unknown, however, to the general public. It was not till his comparatively recent coup in getting control of the Reading railroad that he became generally known, and this will probably prove one of the greatest financial achievements of his life. Both he and Mr. Corbin, in their states ends concerning the road, which, by the way, has an income of $8,000,000 per annum, express the belief that the net income, by judicious economy, can be increased that within two years the road can be made to pay not only its fixed charges, but dividends.

"You see me and Alfred Sully," said a broker who knows him, "succeeded in putting the Reading on a sound basis for reorganization when he looms up again as the chief figure in reorganizing the much talked of Richmond Terminal, which has resulted in appointing for that company the control of the Richmond & Danville, the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia and many other desirable Southern roads, whereby the Richmond Terminal has acquired the control of more miles of road than is operated by either the Pennsylvania or the New York Central. It approximates 9000 miles."

He is president of the Richmond Terminal and Ohio Southern companies, and a director in the Reading, Indiana, Bloomington & Western, Long Island and Central Iowa. Still in the prime of life, with doubtless many years of financial success before him, this lawyer with literary tastes and exceptional commercial skill is now estimated to be worth $10,000,000. He is not in the strict sense a speculator; unlike Jason Lidle, Daniel Drew, Henry N. Smith and some others who trusted to the treacherous fluctuations of the market, Alfred Sully has laid the foundations of his fortune on a firm grasp on actual property and in controlling promising railroads. He is one of the most successful lawyer-financiers, among whom are Franklin B. Gowen and Chauncey M. Depew, but neither of whom have any natural bent toward finance, though both are unquestionably able men. Mr. Sully thoroughly understands finance and railroad administration in all its phases. I make this public reference to him because his own reticence concerning himself has made business men and others curious to know about him, and has given rise to a general query: "Who is Alfred Sully?"

GEN. SAMUEL THOMAS.

One of the rising financial powers of New York was a civil engineer in the service of an Ohio railroad before the war. A broker pointed him out the other day, indicating a tall, powerful y built man about 50 years of age. It was Gen. Samuel Thomas. It is said that an invention comes when the age needs it, and similarly, it may be said, that the right men invariably come to the front in war or business when the time is ripe. During the civil war Thomas raised a regiment, of which he naturally became colonel, and he was mustered out after the war in brigadier-general of volunteers. He is a man of affable manners, and is highly spoken of in Wall street, not only because of his financial acumen, but his gentlemanly courtesy. There is nothing of the rich boor about him; nothing of the purse-proud Ignoramus who thinks the clink of gold is the music of the spheres. He is a man of education; he is not a miser of gold. After the war he resumed his occupation of civil engineer, but finally drifted to New York, became interested in Southern railroads, and now he is one of the millionaires of the city. He is worth about $3,000,000. He is a man about six feet in hight, weighs 185 pounds, of compact build, and looks like a man with a good many years of energetic life before him. He lives in fine style near Central park. He is not in the miscellaneous club line, but he belongs to the Union league. He is president of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad, and is largely interested in the Richmond and West Point terminal, the Richmond and Danville, the Memphis and Charleston, and other Southern roads whose rails catch sixpollen gleam from the rich trade of the phenomenally growing South. He is one of the pioneers in the railroad development of a region which seems destined to rule the iron industries of this country. It seems safe to predict for the South, moreover, more diversified and cultured prominence, a great advance on the "one crop" policy of former times. The tale of Aladdin is hardly more wonderful than the magic help of the South, the Prospero of these later days, from the dust of utter defeat and ruin up to a shining height in the world of trade. It has had its "Tempest?" It now has its propitious seas, not accumulated with the blood red hand of war, but trembling on a thousand projects of trade undreamed of in the drowsy times of slavery.

CALVIN S. BRICE.

Calvin S. Brice is another New York millionaire who owes his wealth to Southern enterprises. He, like Gen. Thomas, has his office in the Astor building, on Wall street, a commercial palace, in the renaissance style, an architectural gem and thoroughly fireproof. His really worthy in its way of the most luxurious days of the Medici or the Doges of Venice. Mr. Brice, who is prominently identified with commercial projects which would have made mediæval princes stare, is below the medium height, with keen, cold, bluish gray eyes, a square, firmly set and prominent jaw, indicating great decision of character, and a large head set well down on broad shoulders. He wears a sandy beard closely trimmed, which gives him a certain firmness of aspect recalling the stern religious reformer after whom his presumably pious parents named him. He is courteous in his bearing toward most people, though with a certain touch of that commercial abruptness or brusqueness noticeable in most persons who follow business pursuits. He was born in Lima, Ohio, about forty-eight years ago, and was educated as a lawyer. He is resolute, quick and able. He came to New York and drifted into railroad affairs about ten years ago. Now he is worth $2,000,000. His fortune may increase five or ten fold before he retires. He is now vice-president of the East Tennessee railroad and is director in numerous other railroads in the South. He lives in fine style on Fifth avenue and is a member of the Union league.

JOHN H. INMAN.

I used to see on the Cotton Exchange a tall, soldierly looking man standing in the shouting crowd of brokers like a cliff in futile waves that lashed its base. His grim, with a grim look of determination which no turn of the market could change. This was John H. Inman. Some years after the war with less than $100,000 worth $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 he will probably be worth $ 000,000. He engaged in the cotton business after the war, and in a few years as a clerk, and then in the firm of Inman, Swann & Co. made his fortune by a very simple method, which is known in the trade as "shaking on the spot." That is to say, he brought cotton to New York and sold it for future delivery at a premium, which, making allowance for shrinking charges, insured him a profit. He is said that anyone discovering the method, as simple and shrewd as it is, could make millions, while they slept, but few do discover, and should never be overlooked.

THE OREGONIAN has steadily protested against a policy that would grant a pension to any man who may claim it for service in the army without inquiry as to whether the disability complained of is the result of service or of the grafting of pensioners. Or, if one need, why not?

AN EXPERT ON COW.

He Knew Enough about Them to Pay Sixty Cents for a Tenderloin.

[New York Sun.]

A rawboned granger from Arkansas strolled into the restaurant of a Nassau street hotel, looked at the bill of fare, and then, with a puzzled look, asked what and where was the "tenderloin." He was told that it was the choicest steak and described of it as a very tender piece of meat. The order was brought in a hurry. When the waiter presented the check and stamped it on the cashier's desk, the granger looked at it, and then at the waiter, and said: "Sixty cents!" The waiter nodded. "I don't give a feller a chance for a red cent, do I?"

"Sixty cents!" exclaimed the Arkansan. "Sixty cents!" he repeated. "Why, that's the price of a cow that's got eight quarters!" Then, handing the waiter a dollar bill, he said: "Keep the change. I don't want it. Sixty cents for a piece of cow that's got eight quarters! Why, stranger, I just killed them myself, and skinned them myself, and packed them myself, and hauled them myself, and shipped them myself, and sold them myself, and bought them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself, and paid commission on them myself, and paid freight on them myself

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume o' Social Happenings for the Past Week.

Mr. Oliphant's Musicale—Amateur Dramatic Society Organized—Mrs. White's Mikado Tea—Drive Whist Parties—Etc.

VANITY FAIR.

"HE WILL NOT KNOW."

I.

He will not know, not if he holds her fast
With slightest—trustful arms about her cast—
He will not have the heart to be aware—
He will not know them—as I know by rote
His every shadow of her lips and throat
And tender floating odor of her hair:
He will not know!

II.

He will not know, as my desire has known,
The veil's profusion of each silver tone,
As I heard it at a distance on the breeze;
He will not answer her unspoken thought,
Through very love, his soul has caught
The echoes of hers, this till life's last hour,
Forgive she shall tarry steadfast to the end,
Love shall not go!

—London Society for December.

Lent will, as usual, elevate the price of fish for forty days and forty nights.

Tableaux for the benefit of charity are talked of among the Lenten plans of society.

No fashionable afternoon tea is now complete without crystallized fruits and cheese rolls.

Chinese cake is something new at receptions, and has a sterling icing and a peculiar flavor.

The veil comes to the chin now and is dotted, trefoiled and the length being a revival of a fashion fully twenty years ago.

The silver-plated representation of a champagne bottle has a wick out of the cork, holds kerosene and is called a cigar-lighter.

A large brass chicken, whose wings shelter an inkstand and whose head conveniently goes to one side for a pen-wiper, is a novelty.

Parisian theater bonnets are described as of white felt, small, with ribbon ends sticking up at top and a blackbird stuck in the middle.

It does not take a great deal of material to make the girl of the period's outdoor jacket. People from the country think she is economical.

Revolving cabinets for dainty chips and glass are new in dining room furniture. The hired girl has given it as her opinion that they are a nuisance.

There is one thing that cannot be successfully imitated, and that is "real old lace." Hence the joy of the young women who have "grandma's dresses."

Many tellers escape from the bag by reason of the illustrated advertisements in the papers and magazines of articles necessary to the human race divine.

An authority says that the proper way to wear a bib just now is to have it well over the chin, drawn up somewhat at each side, and fastened very high at the back.

Some one who designs a screen on which there is not a sympathetic looking stork and impossible grasses will deserve the thanks of the decorative community.

To not experiment with patent mud-scrapers for the front stoop. A gentleman was caught in one the other day and had to be liberated by the corresponding member.

Parasols are now made expressly for the tall ladies seen in so many fashionable hallways, and this brings them high enough to shine on the just as well as the unjust.

Cinnamon green is a new color that seems to have found immediate favor. It is said to be "trying," but nobody will care very much about that so long as it is fashionable.

"I think it is about time," said a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer whose patriotism has been stirred a bit by the abuse of American fishermen, "that Americans made and formulated their own styles in dress. I do not believe in this aping of English styles and following in the footsteps of the dress of Wales." English style in clothes has a supreme merit which justifies its adoption in this country even against the dictates of good sense. English clothes are deliberate misfits. The misfit is not an accident, but a calculation. The English-made trousers hang like bags, the coats bulge under the arms and wrinkle across the back. The misfit is the result of conscious effort. The English tailor measures his man in order to avoid the accident of a fit. The merit of the English style is that the misfit is the fashion. This is is a merit, because not one tailor in a thousand is capable of making a fit, and men are bound to wear misfits anyway, it is better that a misfit should seem to be a deliberate purpose and should be made fashionable. Left to his own devices, the American tailor tries to make a fit—he sets up a fit in clothes as a standard and tries to work up to it. He fails, of course, and the suit he turns out is apparent as a failure. But with a misfit as a standard he cannot fail, and with a misfit as a fashion everybody is in the fashion. After centuries of effort England was found that fits are impossible, and therefore the misfit has been accepted as the standard. Perhaps there is no good reason why the American should not learn his trade so as to be able to make a fit, but it is a fact that he doesn't. The Lord of the time is knee-breeches. Only in these can we find relief from that bagging at the knee which gives the leg the appearance of a sausage. But knee-breeches are revived, let us cling to the English bags, which show a definite purpose to conceal the beauty of the human leg.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

Lent has made no material difference as yet in the number of social gatherings of one sort or another. The past week has been replete with small happenings, although none of particular social prominence. A full account of all that has taken place will be found appended, together with mention of the personal movements of well known people.

ORGAN CONCERT.

The concert given on Friday evening at the Taylor-street M. E. church was a most gratifying success. Miss Belknap, a young vocalist from Corvallis, rendered a solo which was received with much enthusiasm. The young lady has a very sweet, well-cultivated voice and clear enunciation. Mrs. Wetzell gave an aria by Meyerbeer, and in response to a warm recall rendered "The Maid of the Mill." Mr. Gilmore, although suffering from a severe cold, was received in a most flattering manner. The following is the programme:

Organ solo—"Hallelujah Chorus".....Messiah
Miss M. A. Smith.
Recitative—"Inflammatus".....Rossini
Mrs. Wetzell, Mrs. Goodsell, Miss Bishop.
Horn solo—"Anna's vow".....Tito Mattei
Mr. Franklin, Mr. Gilmore.
Vocal solo—"La Fortorelle," valse cantabile..Arditi
Miss Rosa A. Belknap.
Piano solo—Cappiccio Brilliante, op. 22"..
.....Mendelssohn
Miss Lalia R. Dalton.
Vocal solo—"Adore and be Still".....Gounod
Mr. A. A. Franklin.
Vocal solo—"Til the Breaking of the Day" Pinsuti
(Piano and organ accompaniment.)
Mrs. D. Goodsell.
Organ solo—(a Reinwehl.....Youngmann
(b) Wedding March.....Blessner
Vocal solo—"An Old Garden".....Hope Temple
Mr. Fred M. Gilmore.
Horn solo—"The Rose of the Alpine Rose" G. Reichardt
Mr. G. C. Ballentine.
Vocal solo—"Roberta o tu che adoro".....Meyerbeer
Mrs. W. A. Wetzell.
Recitative chorus—"Last Sonatum".....Costa
Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Wetzell, Mrs. Goodsell, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Gilmore.

EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Mrs. A. Thompson entertained a number of young people at her residence, 240 East Park street, on Tuesday evening, in honor of the eighteenth birthday of her daughter, Miss Minnie. The evening was happily passed in social games and dancing. A bountiful repast being served at 11:30 o'clock, after which the young people enjoyed themselves until a late hour, parting with their fair young hostess with many expressions of good cheer for a long and happy life. Besides Mrs. R. T. Heath, there were present: Miss McMillan, Miss Cass, Miss Nellie Dickinson, Miss Ivy Cartwright, the Misses Cockerline, Taylor, Manning, McDonnell, Burnham, Buzzell, Davis, McElhinney, Stevenson and Crawford.

DANCING PARTY.

On Wednesday evening a dancing party was given at Masonic hall. All the arrangements were perfect, and about fifty couples enjoyed the light of music and a good supper. Messrs. Smith and Joe Beadle were the prime movers of the affair, which they conducted with great success. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fish, Miss Rodgers, Miss Mary Watkins, Miss Hixson, Miss Stirtz, Miss H. Crumby, Miss Weigand, Miss Brown, Miss Hopkins, Miss Lynch, Miss Annie Wilhelm, Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Miller, Miss Edna Wray, Miss Tibbetts, Miss Loewenberg, Mrs. Von Rhein, Miss Estes, Miss Peterson, Miss Herlinger, Miss Carrie Lucas, Miss Annie Pierce, Miss Alice Pierce, Miss Jessie Burbank, Miss Switzer, Mrs. Goodrich, Miss Hollenbach, Miss Buck, Miss McGregor, Miss Rowley, Miss Anderson, Miss McEntee, Mrs. J. Hackney, Mrs. McCall, Miss C. Braden, Miss Jessie Waddell, Miss Baine (2), Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Millward, Miss Carr, Miss Howard, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Craw, Miss McCauley, Messrs. Fish, R. C. Smith, Bay, Whiting, Leach, Bendle, Silcocks, Waddell, Hackney, Marshall, Craw, Millwain, Bronson, Pierce, Watkins, Lane, Braden, Espey, Miller, Goodrich, Pennington, Williams, Couch, Johnston, Tilton, Rencet, Henshaw, Clone, Leghorn, Thomas, Smith, McNutt, Barber, Butterfield, Miller, Miller, Reilling, Kline, Lamson, Dosch, Tibbetts, Wirlin, Brandes, Howes, Herlinger, Maiz, Davis, Driscoll, Monnastes, Harbaugh, Short, Brown, Drown and Bellow.

THE MISS SMITHS' COTILLON.

The Misses Smith gave a most delightful dancing party at the handsome new residence of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith, on South Second street. Dancing was indulged in until midnight, when an elegant supper was served, after which a regular old fashioned german "cotillon" was led by Mr. Edward Dekum, who had prepared about fifteen "favors," which were danced with much zest. This old german cotillon is the source from which the present "german" sprang, and the favors are the figures which are danced. The favors were numerous and very pretty. Among those participating in the intricacies of the famous old "cotillon" were: Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith, Mrs. Von Holton, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. Burrell, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stratton, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Giger, Miss Nicholson, Miss Lisa Dekum, Miss Kate Wallace, Sadie Wallace, Miss Clara Smith, Miss Elsie Hoyt, Miss Mamie Smith, Miss Florence Smith, Miss Maria Cavaline, Miss Nellie Gates, Miss Hansen, Messrs. L. L. Hawkins, Jas. M. Wallace, Lewis Russell, C. C. Smith, D. Shindler, Edward Dekum, E. H. Sheppard, Jas. Dunlap, H. C. Gould, C. E. Holtz, Percy Bosworth, Walter Burrell, Geo. Willett and L. E. Everett.

MRS. HACKNEY'S DOMINO WHIST PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hackney gave a domino whist party at their residence, 344 Second street, on Friday evening, which proved to be a very pleasant and altogether novel affair. The cards of invitation read 8:30, and shortly after that hour the guests, to the number of about thirty, assembled, all in dominoes and completely disguised. The order of the evening's entertainment was drive whist, and the partners were chosen by lot. After a number of hands had been played masks were removed and the prizes awarded as follows: Miss Maggie Koehler, first, a scene on the Columbia, beautifully painted by Mrs. Hackney; the booby prize was won by Mrs. T. Davis. At 11 o'clock a very nice supper was served, followed by dancing. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Hackney, Mrs. Weatherford, Capt. Steel and wife, Capt. Doughton and wife, Mr. Frank Davis and wife, Mr. Gamble and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Koehler, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jakes, Mr. and Mrs. Staples, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Capt. Kellog, Miss Gamble, Miss Ann Koehler, Miss M. Koehler, Miss Kellog, Miss Downing, Miss Tibbetts, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Baum, Miss Hackney, Messrs. Tibbetts, Percy Clune, Cole, Varwick, Carroll, Smith and Gundorph.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT.

The benefit which was announced would be given Miss Hattie Starr, late of the Thompson opera, on Friday evening last, was postponed and will be tendered that young lady next Friday evening at the Casino. Mr. Harry Brown, probably the most popular member of the same unfortunate company, having severed his connection with it, has been prevailed on to become a joint beneficiary with Miss Starr. A large number of volunteers have offered their services and a very full bill has been arranged, in which local talent will figure to a degree. After the overture by the Arion band, the comedy of "The Lost Child, or Jones's Baby" will be given, which gives Mr. Brown full play of those qualities which have made him popular. This will be followed by an olio, followed in turn by a local farce entitled "Too Late for the Boat, or the Departure of Thompson." The performance will be interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental, and will conclude with a burlesque of "Richard III.," with Harry Brown as King Richard, and Hattie Starr as Richmond. As Mr. Brown says, "If I am to have a benefit I want the people to have their money's worth," and from the length of the bill, they certainly ought to get it.

SURPRISE PARTY IN EAST PORTLAND.

An agreeable surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. H. Wittenberg, at their new residence, in Holladay's addition to East Portland, on Friday evening. Friends to the number of fifty met at their door at 8 o'clock. After the hearty greetings with which they were met, all adjourned to the firemen's hall, in that locality, where music, mirth and dancing made the hours swiftly glide. A sumptuous repast, spread at midnight, served to end even the occasion. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Wittenberg, Mrs. McDuffy, Mrs. R. A. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. L. Nicolai, Mrs. J. N. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Mende, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McMillan, Miss Lottie Wittenberg, Mrs. George Fox, Misses Carrie Packard, Nellie Crosby, Minnie Ramsey, Pearl Shaver, Susie Shaver, Anna Diggles, May Wade, Rosie Wittenberg, Louise Bell, Lena Nicolai, Anna Campbell, Amelia Nicolai, May Campbell, Fannie Cochran, Susie Wade, Mrs. Berger; Messrs. Frank Plympton, George Nicolai, Ed Wittenberg, Burt Crosby, Jessie Ramsey, A. Dale, C. P. Fortmiller, F. B. Osborn, O. J. West, Charles Davis, Charles Storey, Fr. Saunders, W. B. Glafke, Wm. Lumsden, John Gwilt and Wilbur Campbell.

MIKADO TEA.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Isam White entertained a large company of ladies at a Mikado tea party at her residence, 180 Alder street. Elaborate preparations were made to make the affair what it proved to be, very successful in every sense. The parlors were richly decorated with rare hot-house flowers and plants and nothing was wanting to make the occasion enjoyable. The table was set in a very elegant style, the varied courses being served on beautiful hand-painted china, which Mrs. White had made to order during her last trip to Europe. The tea and chocolate was served in Japanese ware, and each guest's elegant souvenir bouquet was tied with Mikado ribbons. All the ladies attended in evening dress. The blinds were closed and the repast served by gaslight. Those present were: Mrs. Ben Selling, Mrs. H. Ackerman, Mrs. Julius Mayer, Mrs. E. Frank, Mrs. L. Jacobs, Mrs. I. Lang, Mrs. D. Simon, the Misses Goldman, Mrs. J. Loewenberg, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Ella White, Mrs. S. Frank, Mrs. R. Jacobs, Mrs. L. White, Mrs. A. Goldsmith, Mrs. A. Bissinger, Mrs. P. Wasserman, Mrs. M. W. Fechheimer, Mrs. B. Goldsmith, Mrs. Kopf, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Isam White.

PAPE-NEWHALL.

Last Wednesday evening the marriage of Henry H. Newhall and Miss Louise Pape took place at the residence of the bride's parents in East Portland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. O. Ghormley. The bride was very handsomely attired in cream satin and lace dress. Many nice and costly presents were presented to the happy couple, among which were a gold watch and chain, $100 in currency, a silver butter-dish, knives and forks, spoons, a fine lamp, a handsome clock and numerous other things. Miss Pape is a well known and highly accomplished young lady, and the groom is a rising young merchant of Wardner, Idaho, whither the young couple have already gone. Among the friends witnessing the ceremony were: Mr. and Mrs. B. Pape, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pape, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gritzmacher, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Pape, Mr. and Mrs. J. McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Ghormley, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Sperry, Miss Sperry; Messrs. King, Sawyer, Murphy, Monaghan and Colfsn.

AN A. D. T. BOY'S BIRTHDAY.

On Friday evening Master Charlie G. Benson celebrated his seventeenth birthday by inviting a number of his young friends to a pleasant party, given at the residence of his parents on Ninth and G streets, in East Portland. Master Charley is an American District Telegraph boy, and he invited as many of those seemingly untiring young workers, his confreres, as could be spared from duty. The evening was a most enjoyable one for all concerned and concluded with a bountiful spread. Among the young fellow's friends were: Miss Ina Marks, Miss Idell Marks, Miss Ollie LaRore, Miss Sophia Beno, Miss Elsie Hogue, Miss Eva Browning, Miss Etta Beno, Miss Pearl Benson, Masters W. Wright, J. Joyce, J. Beno, F. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. J. Monroe, Mrs. L. Curry and Messrs. A. Hocker and W. Holland.

OLYMPIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Some of our readers will probably remember that about the first "Old Folk's concert" that ever took place in this city, was that given by the Olympia Choral society thirteen years ago, and it will also be remembered that The Home realized quite a handsome sum from that entertainment. Ever since that occasion the music loving people of Olympia have always found a warm corner in the hearts of our citizens, and now that the Sound papers are so compl mentary in the notices of the recent performances of the "Mikado," which is said to have even surpassed that of the Thompson troupe in every way, and was far superior to the average performance of amateurs, it might not be amiss for our people to extend an invitation to this company (all of whom are ladies and gentlemen), to give an entertainment in this city after Lent, half the proceeds to go to some one of our charitable institutions, while the other half would belong to the object for which this musical society was organized, viz: the purchase of a pipe organ for St. John's Episcopal church.

It could certainly do no harm to extend the invitation, and while the "Mikado" has been given here very often recently, yet the fact that an amateur company consisting several members of the old Olympia Choral society was to give such a performance, would, we think, of itself be sufficient to draw a good house.

A SUIT OF CLOTHES FOUND.

On Friday afternoon during the search for Rose, the escaped burglar, a suit of clothes was found in the basement of the Villard hotel. It was done up in a bundle, which contained also a pair of shoes. It is thought by some that the clothes were placed there by some friend of Rose, who had made preparations to escape Wednesday night by cutting his way out; that after his escape he was to go to the place, don the clothes and be thus better able to conceal his identity. Since Morse's escape and the finding of Kennedy's body the Villard basement will ever, in all probability, be looked upon as a place shrouded with mystery and dotings of a dark nature, although it is the most unlikely spot an escaped criminal would ever make for.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S MUSICALE.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Oliphant gave a musicale at their residence, 211 Seventh street, in honor of their guest, Rev. Mr. Oliphant, a brother of the host. All the invited guests were musically inclined, and almost all contributed to make the evening a musical one in every truth. A little after 11 o'clock a delicious supper was served. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Tuthill, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Coursen, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Sturgis, Mrs. Reamer, Miss Yarndley, Miss Morse, Miss Eva Wallace, Miss Belle Yarndley, Mr. M. O. Lowesdale, Mr. Fred, M. Gilmore, Mr. Edward Cookingham and Mr. A. A. Frat klin.

DRIVE WHIST PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Durham entertained a number of friends on Wednesday evening, in their usual highly felicitous manner. Drive whist was the main source of entertainment and about 11 o'clock a splendid supper was served. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dekum, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Green, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Dryden, Mr. and Mrs. H. M Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Gatsy, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Brey, Miss Minnie Carom, Miss Knapp, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Kibling, Mr. J. P. Carson and Dr. Morris Cox.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

On Tuesday evening a very pleasant party was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Dygert, on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of their wedding. A nice supper was served towards the close of the evening, and many returns of the happy event wished the hospitable host and hostess. Among those who joined in the evening's festivities were: Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Mury, Q. A. Mury and Mrs. John Klosterman, Mr. and Mrs. F. Klosterman of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Branch, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McFall, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Norden, Mr. and Mrs. James Failing, Mr. I. J. Meston and Mr. A. Cole.

SURPRISE PARTY.

On Monday evening Miss Bernice Ingle was tendered a pleasant surprise party at the residence of her father, Rev. E. T. Ingle. The surprisers were all intimate friends of the young lady on whom they called. The evening was agreeably passed in pleasant conversation, music, recitations and parlor games. At 11 o'clock some nice refreshments were served. Among those acting in the capacity of surprisers may be mentioned: Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Ghormley, the Misses Rose, Miss Marks, Miss Beno, Miss Diggles, the Misses Samuels, Miss Dalton, Messrs. W. H. McManus, C. Fortmiller, F. Osborn, L. H. Campbell, W. E. Ellis, C. M. Bynan, E. F. Ellis and J. Beno.

THE DRAMA OF "ROBERT EMMET."

A rare treat is promised to all patrons of theaters for St. Patrick's day. The great historical drama, "Robert Emmet, the Martyr of Irish Liberty," is to be given on that occasion at the Casino opera house by the Irish American dramatic society. The play has been produced in several times, and will be presented in a gorgeous manner. It treats of the "Days of '98," and will have no ordinary interest for those who follow the course of events in Ireland and who watch intently the Irish struggle for liberty and independence.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

An amateur dramatic society has been organized in this city. The first meeting at which any definite arrangements were made was held at the residence of Mrs. H. D. Green. At that meeting Mrs. Green was elected president; Mrs. Wilson, vice-president; Mr. Fred M. Gilmore, secretary, and Mr. Duncan Taylor, treasurer. Col. John McCraken will in all probability superintend the first production of the society. Just which one of the desirable farces that will be presented, has not yet been decided upon. There are about thirty members on the roll.

CHILDREN'S PARTY.

On Thursday afternoon a pleasant party was given Miss Mabel and Master Harry Dygert, at 370 Ninth street. Under the guidance of Mrs. E. G. Wheeler, the afternoon was passed in a manner thoroughly enjoyed by the children. A bountiful luncheon was served, which filled to the brim the cup of pleasure for the following young folk: Misses Fannie Barber, Bib. Woodward, Katie Failing, Celeste Henry, Susie Kleeman and Lulu Chesters; Masters Ray Barber, Joseph Dolph, Bertie Knick, Harry Klosterman, Edward Failing and Carol Lovejoy.

CLOTHESPIN PARTY.

On Thursday evening a clothespin party was given at Neppach's hall, in East Portland, which was acknowledged to be the event of the social season across the river. Miss Florence McEwan, as director, assisted by Miss Frankie Marth, Miss Carrie Beveridge, Miss Sadie Underhill and Miss Eva Ferleau, acting in behalf of a number of young ladies, gave the party to the East Portland Social club, who have been giving a series of parties during the winter.

MISS. PIERCY'S PARTY.

On Monday evening Mrs. J. Piercy gave a pleasant party to a few of her friends. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. N. Pearcy, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bndsemer, Prof. and Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. R. Riggen, Miss Riggen, Miss Bottler, Miss Pike, Miss Sandstein, Miss Abt, Miss Carnahan, Miss Mondbank, Miss H. Sandstein, Messrs. J. N. Pearcy, B. Foulkes, Geo. Norton, C. Happersett, R. Finley, J. B. Wark, J. D. R. Pearcy and Mr. Cook.

WHIST PARTY IN EAST PORTLAND.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. George C. Flanders gave a very enjoyable domino-whist party to a number of their friends at their residence, corner of Sixth and W Streets, East Portland. About midnight a nice supper was served. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Osborne Mr. and Mrs. C. Z. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Markell, and Mr. C. F. Seal.

GRACE CHURCH YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION.

Tuesday evening an election of officers of the above association occurred, with the following result: President, Dr. Richmond Kelly; vice-president, Miss Emma Dickinson; secretary, Walter London; treasurer, Miss Juliette Hallman; chorister, Mr. Edwin Miller; organist, Miss Libbie Tickinson.

NOTES.

Within the past few days Mrs. G. P. Lent gave a delightful whist party at her residence on Portland Height, in honor of the Misses Raab.

A very elegant wedding will be solemnized to-morrow evening in the parlors of the Concordia club, the contracting parties being Miss Gussie Selling and Mr. M. Sichel.

On Wednesday evening the Young Ladies' Dancing club will give another of their pleasant little parties at Masonic hall, which all holding invitations will do well to remember.

On Monday evening the Pickwick club of East Portland met at the residence of Mr. John Summerville. The evening was devoted to the study and illustration of the great Flemish portrait painter, Anthon Vandyke.

The concert which was to be given by the Arion society during this month will have to be postponed for several weeks, as the members could not rehearse, owing to the sickness of their leader, Mr. E. Steblgen. He has, however, sufficiently recovered to conduct the rehearsal to-morrow night. The programme for the concert is one of the best ever offered by any amateur society of this city.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. Selling has returned from New York.

Mr. Geo. Herren and wife, of Salem, have been visiting friends in this city during the past week.

Mr. F. R. Mellis has returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. George Cleveland has returned from California.

Mr. J. P. Howe left for the East over the Northern Friday.

Mr. A. D. Charlton left Friday for a week's trip on the Sound.

Miss Annie Burr, of Astoria, has been visiting friends in this city.

Mr. J. M. Gearin left for San Francisco on Friday night's steamer.

Miss Rosa Sedlak has returned from an extended visit in Montana.

Rev. J. Q. A. Henry left Tuesday for a trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Col. Milton Weidler left on the steamer Friday night for San Francisco.

Mr. B. N. Hayden, a rising young attorney of Salem, is in the city on business.

Mr. W. Wolf, formerly of Hillsboro, has permanently located at 223 First street.

Ex-Gov. Moody and Mr. R. P. Earhart left on Friday's steamer for San Francisco.

Miss Josie Southard has returned from a visit of several months in Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. J. W. Barnes is visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Bagar, at Walla Walla.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Barnard, of Walla Walla, have been spending a few days in this city.

Mr. C. Wright and daughter, of Dayton, Ohio, are in the city, the guests of Mrs. Alfred Frank.

Mr. Wm. J. Clarke of the *Willamette Farmer*, of Salem, made a flying visit to Portland yesterday.

Mr. Gilliam, of Spokane Falls, who has been in the city a few days, leaves for his home tomorrow.

Mr. T. J. Conroy, of San Francisco, who holds a high position in the Pacific Union Insurance compact, is in the city.

Miss Alice Hatch, of Salem, has been visiting her brother, Mr. F. Hatch, of this city, and will return home to-morrow.

Mrs. Gov. Moody and Miss Sadie Nelson, of Salem, who have been visiting in Tacoma, returned home last evening.

Mrs. and Mr. Slauson and Miss Kittie Coburn arrived from Denver Tuesday last. The dry, cold winter has proved very beneficial to Mrs. Slauson.

Mr. J. A. Manning of the Salem *Statesman* has been in this city the greater part of this past week taking a much-needed rest. He returns to his duties to-morrow.

Miss Julia Chamberlin and Miss Leonora Chamberlin, of Salem, are in the city. Miss Leonora will remain in Portland for several months studying stenography.

Mr. E. C. Jorgensen leaves for Europe in about a week. He will start over the Northern Pacific and will be accompanied by his wife and Miss Annie Heer chsen.

Mr. A. W. McArthur, a railroad contractor of Chicago, who, in company with his wife and daughter, has been traveling over the state, will leave Tuesday over the Northern Pacific.

Mr. R. B. Knapp left Friday night for San Francisco; from there he will take the steamer for Hong Kong, China, where he will meet Mrs. Knapp, and together they will cross the continent and return by way of New York.

Mr. W. H. Dimick left on the Oregon Tuesday night for San Francisco; en route to Santa Barbara, where he goes to marry a Miss Wright of that city. The ceremony will take place on the 16th of the month, and after a six weeks' bridal tour Mr. Dimick will bring his wife to this city.

ART NOTES.

The Portland Art club at their regular meeting on Friday evening showed considerable improvement over previous meetings, there being ten representations on the subject of "Moonlight," presently given out by Mr. G. T. Brown.

No. 1, a crayon sketch, by A. Greenbaum.—An old castle ruin, the soft light of the moon creeping through the apertures.

No. 2, W. S. Rogers, pencil sketch—The lunar rays breaking in on the side of a stable; in the foreground a horse reclining.

No. 3, A. Bevor, pencil sketch of midnight at Yaquina bay—This is a very effective picture in its light and shadow, as well as the artistic perspective required to be found in this artist's work.

No. 4, J. Norman Bliss, a moonlight "serenade—The crescent moon is made the subject for a cat convention in place of the usual backyard fence. The cat, Sir Tomas, has utilized the bootjack for a seat, while his tail serves the good purpose of a baton. From strings stretched from the point of the cresent anothe is playing a lunar harp in unison to the regular vocal chords found in the throats of our readers.

No. 5, C. G. Maring, oil colors; moonlight on the Columbia—This is a very pretty river scene, and is admirably handled.

No. 6, G. T. Brown, oil colors; scene represents an evening at Lost Lake, near the base of Mount Hood—This is a very grey-toned painting and somewhat out of the regular line of his work, which indicates a taste for versatility. The picture is a tall, upright one, a companion to his "Light and Shadow"), and the foreground displays three tall balsam fir trees, between which are to be seen in the distance sky the full moon and its reflected light of a silvery tone on the quiet lake. There is evidence in this subject of a close study of nature.

No. 7, A. E. Powell, oil colors; moonlight on the ocean beach at evening—This is a very pleasing piece of work, and full of color and good drawing. Outside of a weakness of reflected lights we think this Mr. Powell's best work for the club.

No. 8, J. T. Pickett, pencil sketch of new moon on Puget sound—The wind has imparted considerable action to the water, and as a result the waves reflect the light with considerable sparkle. In the middle distance is to be seen a canoe, and its occupant being tossed about quite comfortably; quite a clever bit in its general effect.

No. 9, E. W. Moore, pastel; moonlight at the Stark street ferry—While the boat is out in the stream, the rays of a full moon in a cloudy sky, reflected here and there on the surrounding objects.

No. 10, W. H. Byrn, crayon; moonlight on Russian river, Cal.—This represents an Indian paddling down the river in the foreground, while in the middle and extreme distance the well timbered forest may be seen, lit up in places with the light of a full moon in a sky of floating clouds. The tones of this picture are fine, and show a full feeling of moonlight effect.

The three prizes were awarded to Nos. 6, 7 and 4. Mr. Brown received the vote for conception. The next subject, for March 13, is "Simplicity," by C. G. Maring.

Under the head of "Oil Notes" we must not omit to mention a painting lately from the brush of Jules Tavernier, of San Francisco, representing the crater of one of the Sandwich Island volcanoes. In this picture that most difficult of all effects with color, liquid fire, has been very well and graphically displayed. The lurid glare from so much light is softened into those mellow tones of violet and purple grays, which give richness to the entire scene while indicating a slumbering of the forces of an active nature underneath. As one of those volcanoes is in eruption at the present time, this painting becomes quite an interesting feature to all.

AMUSEMENTS.

Gilbert and Sullivan's New Opera.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—"Ruddigore" is a failure. It cost a pot of money and raised a vast amount of talk, and when it was produced the friendliness and good nature of the audience was exhibited in every possible way.

The complications preceding its production illustrate the vexatious and annoying character of theatrical management. Mr. Stetson, of the Fifth-avenue theater, paid a rattling big sum for the privilege of producing "Ruddigore" last autumn. Gilbert and Sullivan said that the opera would be ready by October 1 and Mr. Stetson refused to allow any traveling combination to rent his theater after that date. Delay succeeded delay until last Monday, when the opera was finally produced. Meanwhile Mr. Stetson paid enormous salaries to all the people in his opera company from the date of their engagement in October. His losses have been tremendous. With all this money gone and but the tail end of the season to play to, it can be easily imagined that he watched the production of "Ruddigore" with something akin to anxiety.

It has been said after the production of every one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas that the famous *collaborateurs* had written themselves out. This was the cry particularly after "Iolanthe," and yet the freshness, novelty and unity of the "Mikado" gave the lie direct to the assertion. Gilbert and Sullivan have not written themselves out by any means, but they are human and liable at times to drop into the commonplace. The commonplace is precisely what characterizes "Ruddigore." Mr. Gilbert wrote the opera with the intention of making it a skit or satire on the conventional English melodrama in which there is a virtuous maiden, a sailor lover, a wicked baronet and a tenderhearted old man. He has taken all the well-known types, strung them along through a story that is neither clever nor interesting, and written the regulation number of songs. There are none of the ingenious little terms in the verse like "The sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion" in "Patience," or "There's a fascinating bandit in a ruin that is romantic" in the "Mikado." About the most catching thing is the patter song in the second act and the best verse goes as follows:

"If I had been so lucky as to have a steady brother,
Who could talk to me as we are talking now to one another,
Who could give me good advice when he discovered I was erring,
Which is just the very favor which on you I am conferring,
My story would have made a rather interesting idyll,
And I might have lived and died a very decent individdle
This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter,
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter."

When it is understood that this is the most catching and popular verse of the opera, judging solely from the applause of the audience, it will be seen that Mr. Gilbert is far below his standard.

There was a notable audience in the Fifth Avenue theater to usher the opera in. Nearly everybody at all prominent in the professions or in society or business was there, and the reception extended to the principal performers was enthusiastic and cordial to the last degree. The company is the one which played the "Mikado" here nearly all last year, and as the familiar faces appeared on the stage round after round of applause greeted them, but as the opera progressed the applause dwindled away, finally giving place to half million indifference. Toward the end of the opera the people arose in the house and pulled on their overcoats before the curtain had come down. This is an awful omen.

The costumes were gorgeous, the scenery admirable, and the company of the conventional fashion. It is just possible that a rollicking troupe of American comedians could make a success of "Ruddigore" by making a strong burlesque of the melodramatic features; but as it stands now it is condemned as the least interesting and entertaining of Gilbert and Sullivan's works.

It is but fair to say of the music that it is of a higher character than anything that Sullivan has heretofore written, and though this very fact recommends to the credit of one of the most conscientious and thorough musicians and composers of the day, it still contributes its share towards the failure of the opera, because the music is above the heads of the people.

BLAKELY HALL.

PROTEST OF NON-RELIGIONISTS.

PORTLAND, March 4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

A writer, of a recent date, in THE OREGONIAN contends that this is a "Christian government" and therefore Christianity and the Bible should be taught in the public schools.

Now, I maintain that this is not a Christian government. It is a well known fact that the founders of this republic, rejected the Bible and God from the constitution, in order to give room for men; they put human rights against divine rights, and the result is that Americans have become the schoolmasters of the world and are now teaching the lesson of religious and political independence to every people on the globe.

"Equal Rights" proposes, "in the last SUNDAY'S OREGONIAN, to let children of liberals stand out in the cold, for ten or fifteen minutes, while the others are singing their "Te Deum" in the schoolroom. This would hardly be equal rights, unless the "Te Deum" was sung out in the cold every other morning. The same writer's contention, that we should remember that our admired Voltaire encouraged his little daughter to read and study the Bible, etc.," simply shows the bigotry of his fanatical religious persecutors. Voltaire had to do many things that his reason did not approve. He had to build a church, for instance, at his own expense, and take his adopted daughter to worship regularly, in order to save himself from being persecuted, at the stake. The church used strong arguments it those days. Now, thanks to the laborers of a few great men, who loved their fellow men instead of God, the church cannot any longer burn us at the stake, tear our tongues out, cut our eyelids off, and place us in the scorching rays of the sun to get blind for our opinions' sake.

We judge the bible by our own standard of reason, by our own standard of truth, and we have come to the conclusion that to put the bible in the schools would be to put fetters there. A book that condemns the use of reason and discourages the acquisition of education, physical, moral and intellectual is not fit for our children to read. Here are some matters, for instance, from that book to be hung up on the walls of our orthodox school rooms:

"Bodily exercise profiteth little."—Paul. "Be not righteous overmuch."—Solomon. "Neither make thyself overwise."—Ibid. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."—Eclus. 1: 17-18. "Take no thought, for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on."—Mat. xi: 25-34.

What is the result of such teachings; our land has become infested with an army of tramps; they attack the kitchen and the busyness; their text book is the sermon on the mount: "They sow not, neither do they reap." "They toil not, neither do they spin." They beg and steal. The tramp takes the bible for his guide and encourages faithfully to conform to its teachings. The result is, he is "persecuted for righteousness sake," and

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1887

President Cleveland at this moment is not in favor "where rolls the Oregon."

The demand for internal improvements will be a taking cry in the next presidential election.

Enthusiasm for President Cleveland in the "Inland Empire" is likely to suffer some abatement

The present holder of the "annual pass" will do up his traveling between now and the end of the month. After that, the embargo.

In anticipation of the interstate commerce law, merchants in the Western states are buying in Eastern trade centers enormous quantities of staple goods.

The old objection of the democratic party to internal improvements by the general government seems to crop out in President Cleveland's "pocket veto" of the river and harbor bill.

Mitchell attacked Gen. Parke for obstructing the improvement of our water ways, shall we have from Mitchell a like explanation of President Cleveland? Not at all. Mitchell is trying to "stand in" with the president, in the hope of controlling the Oregon appointments.

If we are going to have reform through prohibition let us have complete reform. Tobacco ought to go with alcohol. A war upon one of these nuisances and not upon the other doesn't commend itself to the judgment, of those to whom the two are about equally offensive

A Detroit paper tells us that two years ago that city had a prohibitory law, and received no municipal income whatever from the liquor dealers, yet the police reported 1200 places where liquor could be purchased. Now the city has a high license law (not as high as it ought to be) and has less than 1000 saloons, which pay a revenue of $189 000 per year.

Among the most practical temperance agencies of the country are many of the great railroads. The Pennsylvania railroad prohibits the employment of men for train service who use alcoholic liquors in any form. And President Harris, of the Northern Pacific, has lately issued an order prohibiting the sale of liquors on any property controlled by that company. Men who use liquors cannot safely be entrusted with the lives of others.

A correspondent asks what the "septennate" is, about which so much is being said in connection with German politics It is a measure for reorganization of the German army on a "septennate" or seven years basis. Under the seven-years system the "peace effective" of the empire will be the same as under the three-years system, but under the former, in case of war, the government would have double the number of trained reserves to call upon.

A Portland man has invented a "whist counter" and got a patent for it. If the invention is what it ought to be the inventor will be hailed as a benefactor of the race. Such a machine ought to shuffle the cards, deal them, play the hand and count the game Then the whist player could wind it up and go to bed, leaving it to play. There would be sense in that, and immense saving of time, it would promote early rising and better attention to business. The world waits for the whist machine!

In an article on the interstate commerce law the Dalles *Times-Mountaineer* says "It may be expected that freights will be as high as they now are, if not higher. The companies which have reaped a rich harvest on the local tariff from terminal points to interior towns, must make up for this loss in some manner, and it may be that they will reimburse themselves by increasing through rates. If such will be the fact, the people, like doctors, must have no objections against taking their own medicine."

"What is a pocket veto?" The rule in national legislation is unlike that of our state. A bill that has passed the two houses of congress, yet has not received the executive sanction, is dead at the end of the session. Yet if such bill had been sent to the president ten days before the end of the congress it would have become a law, unless he had vetoed it. But when the bill is sent to the president within ten days of the end of the session, if he doesn't want it to become a law he may simply take no action upon it. He may put it in his pocket, that is, he may kill it with a "pocket veto" The language of the constitution is "If any bill shall not be returned by the president within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the congress by their adjournment prevents its return, in which case it shall not be a law."

No candid, intelligent man can shut his eyes to the fact that the cause of woman suffrage waxes rather than wanes as the years go by. Both houses of the Kansas legislature have passed the municipal woman suffrage bill Washington and Oregon legislatures have both refused to repeal the school suffrage law The British house of commons has a clear majority in favor of full parliamentary suffrage for women, as I would be glad to add it was also for the opposition of the house of lords, who would vote down the measure. But a majority may be voting themselves out of power next year that the popular body of legislators is ready to vote for it. In the United States we have seen the Republican party [illegible] and the Democratic party [illegible] and it will be seen how the Democratic party will [illegible] Petroleum [illegible]

Sooner or later and soon rather than later woman will have the right to vote, and the sooner she has it the better for the country. She has a right to vote if she wishes to vote, but no man is ever compelled to do what he wishes to do so and that she must. She feels it to be her mission to make the politics decorous as her parlors if not as holy as her churches and to have a general housecleaning in politics As for us we shall welcome her with respect, if not with enthusiasm while it is certain that she will lend graces and charms to politics that they have never yet possessed

DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE SESSION

Never before did the Pacific Northwest receive such a disappointment at the hands of a president as it has just received at the hands of President Cleveland His refusal to sign the river and harbor bill and the Washington-Idaho annexation bill is without valid excuse The river and harbor bill had been prepared with great pains, and after many conferences between the two houses, it was the cleanest bill that ever passed congress, and nearly all its items were for continuation of works that the government has actually undertaken. If the government is not going to complete these works it ought never to have begun them, if it is going to complete them it ought to do it in a reasonably prompt and business-like manner, thereby saving money to the treasury and hastening the completion of works necessary to the commerce and development of the country. The treasury is plethoric the taxes that produce the surplus are not felt by the people, and the people are not calling so loudly for reduction of taxes, which they pay without knowing it, as they are for completion of the works which the government has undertaken for the benefit of commerce, and for proper armament of our coasts and ports. Our rivers and harbors should be improved and our sea-board put in proper condition of defense, we ought to have a dozen good vessels for the emergency of war, and means of building more and of arming them in case of need. All these things the general government ought to do.

For his refusal to sign the Washington-Idaho annexation bill the president gives the reason or excuse that the governor of Idaho had advised him against it. But this governor, his own appointee, is an imported official, who belongs to Idaho only for office-holding purposes, and no doubt will leave the territory as soon as he ceases to be governor, and moreover, he knows nothing of Northern Idaho and the inconvenience it suffers from a political connection with which it never can be identified. There is no way of getting from Northern to Southern Idaho except by a long circuit through Washington and Oregon. No two divisions of a state or territory could be more effectually cut off from each other It is no sense to the interest even of Southern Idaho to have Northern Idaho remain attached to the territory, while in Northern Idaho the people are unanimous for the union with Washington Yet President Cleveland has refused to grant what all the people who are really interested have asked, upon a telegram from a carpet bag governor, in no wise identified with the people affected by his action

President Cleveland, no doubt, is a laborious executive. But something more is needed in a man who occupies the position he holds than mere toil and drudgery at a desk, on minor or miscellaneous matters of administration. Philip the Second of Spain was accustomed to toil in this way; but history does not inform us that his administration was a model one.

The principal obstruction to a national policy in the matter of internal improvements for the country at large, as well as in the matter of providing coast defences and naval armament, comes from New York. The selfishness and greed of the great metropolis are behind it all. There are millions of Americans who would not be sorry of a war with a foreign power which would give this European city of America a lesson, in the form of a visitation by a fleet and the alternative of bombardment or payment of three or four hundred million dollars for immunity. The country at large would clap its hands and exclaim that the fate of the European colony on American soil was well deserved.

TAXATION OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

Before the legislature of New York there is an active contest over a bill to require a higher tax for sale of liquors. The bill is opposed by the liquor dealers and prohibitionists, who illustrate once more the familiar truth that "extremes meet." The liquor dealers say they would rather have prohibition than the high license proposed, since they can sell liquors in defiance of prohibition and make more money than if they are compelled to pay this tax, while the prohibitionists say that it is morally wrong to sell liquors at all, and therefore the state has no right to recognize the trade, as it does when it requires it to pay a tax.

In the light of the high license law of Illinois the Chicago *Tribune* examines the positions of both liquor sellers and prohibitionists in the state of New York, and presents a number of important suggestions thereon. The Illinois high license law took effect in 1883-5. It caused 1000 saloons in the city of Chicago and 4000 in the state. The revenue from liquor licenses in Chicago alone rose from $200,000 per year to $1,700,000. The law possessed other valuable features besides that of a fixed license of $500 for the sale of ardent spirits. It provided that all municipalities might increase the license fee as much as they chose. They were not restricted to $500 or any other sum

From this the *Tribune* proceeds to say "Scores of cities and towns in Illinois imposed under this law a tax ranging from $800 to $2000 on saloons. When a $2500 tax is exacted the effect is to shrink up a dozen or a score of liquor shops into one, two or three, the others going out of the business, and if such tax does not prove sufficiently prohibitory to suit the prevailing sentiment, the people elect county supervisors, or town councils, or village trustees who refuse to grant licenses on any terms In short, the Illinois liquor laws fit popular sentiment and authorize the people of all portions of the state to have just that degree of prohibition, tax, or regulation they desire and can enforce, or try to, providing the tax imposed shall not be under $500 where 'hard drinks' are sold"

It is also remarked that the argument of the prohibitionists that the granting of any license to sell liquor makes the community morally responsible for the evils of intoxication was one of the chief obstacles to the high license law in the Illinois legislature. The obvious answer was that "the right to sell liquor existed under the common law, and hence a statute, instead of enlarging the original privilege, can only res rict and limit it by imposing prohibitions of more or less force." The question for the prohibition theorists to answer, therefore, but which they never attempt to answer, is this, viz "What would be the status of the liquor trade in the absence of any law? A condition of no license would, of course, be a condition of free liquor Therefore, any law that may be passed on the subject is in restraint of the traffic more or less"

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION

Since the law enacted by our legislature to create a board of railroad commissioners is not of radical character, the public may overlook the points of importance that it really contains. The act, if properly construed, will give the commissioners power to enforce all the old common law duties of common carriers. Take section 13, for example, which reads as follows

> The whenever any common carrier as defined in and subject to the provisions of this act, shall violate or refuse or neglect to obey any lawful order or requirement of the commission in this act named, it shall be the duty of the commission and lawful for any person or company interested in such order or requirement to enter complaint in the circuit court of the district in equity in the judicial district in which the violation or disobedience of such order or requirement shall arise alleging such violation or disobedience, as the case may be and the said court shall have power to hear and determine the matter at any time after service of the usual notice of the usual way on the short notice to the common carrier complained of as the court shall deem reasonable and said court shall have power and duty to proceed to the hearing and determination of the matter speedily as a court of equity in such manner as to do justice in the premises Upon such complaint, the practice of said court shall be primary facie evidence of the matters therein stated and if it shall appear to such court on such hearing, that the lawful order or requirement of said commission exercised in pursuance of the provisions of this act has been disobeyed it shall be lawful for such court to issue a writ of injunction or other proper process mandatory or otherwise to restrain such common carrier from further continuing such violation or disobedience and enjoining obedience to the same, and in case of any disobedience of any such writ of injunction or other proper process, mandatory or otherwise, it shall be enforced by such court by proper process issued by such court.

Either party to such proceeding before said court may appeal to the supreme court of the state under the same regulations now provided by law in respect of security for such appeal, and such court may, in every such matter order the payment of such costs and counsel fees as shall be deemed reasonable

This section puts it within the power of the board of commissioners to set in motion the whole power of the courts to enforce their orders and their decisions acts what is a "lawful" requirement of any common carrier. It also makes the commission the judge of the sufficiency of the evidence on which any suit in equity may be brought against any railroad company. This is a very great power to entrust to two men, and as it appears in the last part of the section, which is omitted for want of space, the state is to bear the burden of such prosecutions, and if the power is unwisely used, the state may be thrown into great costs and expenses, unless this trust is exercised with judgment and discretion

In selecting men to administer this new law, and lay the foundation for its successful working and future usefulness, the governor is called upon to exercise a trust equal to, if not greater than the power to appoint senators in congress in case of vacancies, for this law may have a more direct and immediate influence on the people of the state than any act of congress, unless it is the prototype of this act—the interstate commerce law. The legislature wisely provided that the commission should be non-partisan It has heretofore been mentioned as probable that Mr Gibons, democratic candidate for secretary of state last year, would be selected as one commissioner. We know not how far the fact of Mr. Gibons's relation to the political contest of last year goes in suggesting or deciding this appointment. We know him, however, to be an intelligent man. As to the republican member of the board, we should like to see special qualifications for the discharge of the duties of the office kept in view as to his appointment. It can make no difference to Gov. Pennoyer whether the republican member of this board lives in a republican or a democratic county, the man that can best discharge the duties of the office is the man who should be appointed, and that man, by a faithful and intelligent administration of the law, is the man who will add most credit to the governor's administration. And since the law requires the commissioners to decide upon legal and judicial questions, and inaugurate proceedings in courts for which they will be held responsible, it would be an advantage, instead of an objection, if the applicant should possess some knowledge of the law and proceedings in courts.

LOVE AND WAR.

It is said that 'tis love that makes the world go round. I would amend it by adding and war." Love and war do make the world go round. A world without love is not more incomprehensible than a world without war. The capacity to love implies the capacity to hate, the capacity to hate the willingness to fight. Love and war is about all there is of life. Love and war are the likelihood of poetry and fiction, the most brilliant light that illuminates the pages of history. As long as there is life there will be love and war; the sensibility which includes in the same man the liveliest mirth and the deepest melancholy implies the union of the capacity to love and to hate, to fondle and to fight. Peace societies deem military schools stains of blood on the map of a Christian civilization, but it has always been a ceaseless fight, not an endless dream, and there are worse things than righteous war for a nation. Carnage has been fairly called the very child of God. Progress has been called the stride of God and progress then has been peace, not "like a woman bowed," but on horseback, in full armor, "with hand gripping on the hilt and step that proved her victory's daughter." War has rooted up more wrongs with its sword than peace evicted with its scepter. The great revolutions and reforms of history have always dragged until cannon closed the debate and tolled the deathknell of tyranny. The revolt of Holland under William the Silent, the English revolution of 1640, the French revolution of 1789 under Cromwell, our first revolution of 1776, and our second revolution of 1861-'65 are cases in point of tremendous wars of ideas, conflicts of civilizations crashing together like great frigates in a storm, indistinction from wars waged in obedience to to the stupid allegiance of the soldier to his feudal lord, like the wars of the Roses, or the struggle between the mercenary bands who spilled their blood under Marlborough, Conde, Luxemburg, Turenne and Frederick he Great. The English revolution under Cromwell achieved the government of England by the house of commons, the French revolution destroyed the feudal land tenure, the American revolution of 1776 achieved independence the American revolution of 1861-65 achieved nationality The American cabinet was waged nominally between 19,000,000 of people and 31,000,000, it lasted four years, cost both sections nearly a million of lives, hung a debt of over two billions, like a millstone, on our necks. What did we fight about? The ordinary answer is that slavery was the cause of the war, but it was only the pretext for a political conspiracy. There had always been an antagonism between the civilization of the North and the South, even in colonial times, the South was colonized by the cavalier, the Jacobite and the Huguenot, and had a temperamental dislike for the Puritan civilization in its social, religious and political aspects Sectional jealousies pervaded the continental army and the continental congress long before a Connecticut Yankee invented the cotton gin, and made cotton production and therefore slavery profitable. The South ruled the country; had its own way until Jackson and Calhoun quarreled. Jackson squelched Calhoun's nullification, not as we suspect, chiefly because he loved the Union, as that he intensely hated Calhoun. The slavery question was worked for all it was worth by both parties, and yet when the South rebelled forty years after the Missouri compromise, slavery was stronger than ever before in the history of the government. The North grew in spots red in face over the mobbing of Garrison, the murder of Lovejoy, the rendition of fugitive slaves, the beating of Sumner, and the hanging of John Brown, but it was a mere sectional rage over an act of violence to a Northern man rather than any sympathetic interest in the horors of slavery or its suppression, it was valued chiefly as political buncombe, good enough Morgan until after election. When we were on the eve of the firing on Sumter Horace Greeley, the ablest and honestest anti slavery man in the nation, urged the North to "forget the negro and remember only the Union" Every leader of the republican party, from Lincoln down, was willing to give the South a blank bit of paper and accept any terms she might write Indeed we consented to terms that were more abject than Webster even asked in 1830. Well, if the North didn't care to fight, if slavery was more secure within the Union and the constitution than it could possibly be without it what did we go to war about Greeley, Adams Colfax, Seward, Stanton and Chase were all willing to let the South go or stay on most any terms the South itself didn't want war, the slave-holder, who was not a politician, didn't covet war the poor white had no interest in the negro, and the negro had neither the courage, the intuition or the capacity to feel any interest in peace or war And yet war came Why? Because the conspiracy of 2500 angered, disappointed politicians who had been cut out in the cold by the election of Lincoln, were able to lead 8,000,000 of people into war, not by logic but by a sentimental strike at Sumter, which provoked a shot in reply that fired the Southern heart

FOREIGN MILITARY TALENT

Among recent deaths is that of Gen Vladimir Krzanowski, who participated in the Polish insurrection of 1830, and was compelled to fly to his country in disguise, a price being set upon his head He was colonel of the Fifty-first New York regiment in the Union army and rose to brigadier general When Alaska became the property of the United States he for a time commanded troops there The deceased was one of a large number of educated soldiers of foreign birth and experience who on the beginning of our civil war easily secured regiments, and with few exceptions proved failures in the field Fremont had a passion for these fellows. He had Gens Asboth, Sigel and Osserle, and Maj Zagonyi. Osserle was an adventurer who afterwards rose to doubtful fame as one of the generals of the Paris commune Asboth and Zagonyi, both Hungarians, were daring troopers, fit to lead a reckless charge and fit for nothing else. Gen. Turchin, a Russian soldier, was a good brigadier under Sherman. Blenker, who was a division commander under McDowell, was soon relieved of command, Sigel, Schurz and Max Weber won no fame in Virginia. The Hungarian, Col Utassy, was sent to Sing Sing for stealing the regimental fund of the Thirty-ninth New York, Stahel was a good soldier, Salomon and Steinwehr were respectable, Prince Salm-Salm was a mediocrity, Schoepf commanded the prison camp at Fort Delaware, which was about level with his mill ary capacity. De Trobriand was a fine soldier. Col. Percy Wyndham was an English adventurer, who was fitter to follow the hounds after a fox than he was to command a regiment of cavalry in a fight. With the exception of Gens. de Trobriand and Buffie, the educated foreign officers who entered our army were of small value, not because they were not brave, but because their European military training and experience did not fit them for the very different field and circumstance of our conflict. The Germans, like Osterhaus, Willich, Wangelin, Bohlen, Winkler and a host of others who entered our army unfettered by any previous foreign military education or experience, made excellent soldiers. Osterhaus in particular was one of the finest division commanders in the army of the Tennessee, and was highly esteemed by both Grant and Sherman, but the educated foreign officers, of whom so much was expected at the outset of the war, either proved flat failures or mediocrities They seemed embarrassed by the foreign military training and experience which at first so strongly recommended them for appointments in our service. The Confederates had Prince Polignac and a Prussian officer Von Borcke, whom Mosby describes in most unflattering terms as a braggart and a liar, who was generally the last in the field and the first out.

SENSELESS IMITATIONS

At the recent Detroit celebration of Washington's birthday, the "Arion Quartette" sang "Michigan, My Michigan!"

"Maryland, My Maryland!" is a splendid confederate war lyric, by Randall, the Washington correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution*, the air is an old German college time, but the words are magnificent To parody them under the name of Michigan, My Michigan!" is about as absurd as it would be to buy a peacock under the belief that any bird that could spread a magnificent tail could warble like a skylark, or tie as sweetly tune ol as a nightingale.

There were some historic memories of events and persons that made "Maryland, My Maryland!" a theme for lyric verse, but "Michigan, My Michigan!" is absolutely ridiculous The history of Michigan before the war stood for Hull's surrender in 1812, and for fat-brained and fat-bowelled Lewis Cass but it stood for no heroic memories that could tempt any real poet to make her the theme of lyric song Col Edgar Howard, and the Maryland Line who fought so gallantly under the leadership of DeKalb at Camden, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, are themes of romantic valor and historic memory, but "Michigan, My Michigan!" imitating the form and sence of "Maryland, My Maryland!" like a nasal voiced Yankee crooning the army doggerel, "My name it is Joe Bowers, I'm all the way from Pike," after some noble singer has given "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," and the "Flag of the Free." "Michigan, My Michigan!" after "Maryland, My Maryland!" is like Augustulus after Augustus, like Shay's Rebellion after the revolution like Molly Stark cheering Charlotte Corday.

The "Watch on the Rhine" will be warbled next by the still stem-winding watch makers of Waterbury, Conn, and the "Marseillaise" will be parodied in negro dialect by every black bummer and ballad singer that sings baritone to solitude, as he paddles his dugout up and down the Tombigbee river. "Alabama Again" existed before the war, but the man who composed "Michigan, My Michigan" must have been as sentimental as the author of the "Integral Calculus."

ORGANIZED CHARITY

The discussion of the kindergarten question is a debate over but one factor of the question—How much the so-called organized charities of society are worth? The Institute of the Blair educational bill in the Forty-ninth congress was fixed chiefly by the common-sense argument of the opposition to the bill, which in substance said that the popular theory that all illiterates require is to be given a start in the right direction, and they will take care of themselves. The natural thriftless and shiftless, who don't care whether school keeps or not, cannot be helped but rather be hurt by organized charities of any sort for, instead of becoming independent and aspiring through help, they only become more dolent, apathetic and dependent A state that is too shiftless and sodden to provide a common school is a state that will accept government bounty as an excuse for perpetual public pauperism. Show a man where he can earn a dollar by honest work and you have done him a service, if he has the spirit of a man left in him, but build a soup kitchen for him, "grub stake" him periodically, lend him money, teach him in the darkest night that he is always a light in the window, a fire on the hearth and food for the asking, and you have an incurable ineradicant on your hands for the rest of his days There is no doubt that the knowledge of the existence of an inebriates' home does not discourage the victim of alcoholism to stop drinking to excess. A free hospital is a good thing, but it doubtless does not deter an animal man from excess to know that if he makes himself sick through indulgence he is sure of good care at the public cost, it does not discourage professional begging to know that if banished from the streets there are almshouses on go-den hinges turning The argument against the French system of inspection of brothels is that the increased precautions against contagion may make the bold and reckless rakes still bolder In other words, the efforts of humanity to interfere with the inexorable consequences of sin, to help the survival of those who are clearly fit to die, because unfit to live, has no effect of increasing rather than abating great social evils

A few years ago a clergyman of Oberlin, Ohio, set forth before the Congregational club of Cleveland the principles of heredity, maintaining their correctness by records and statistics and arguing that the charitable work the churches were advocating and practicing was doing harm instead of good by keeping in existence poverty, disease and crime, which is the result of the mechanic law of heredity, and which it would be for the general benefit to stamp out The conclusion reached was that the law of "the survival of the fittest" is a fact and that its work ought not to be interfered with The argument is not new, but it is sound, and in the days when Augustus Cæsar, a very able statesman for a pagan parent, said, as in faith in Suetonius "I am much inclined to wish to save the practice of a too rare vice to correct the public expense, because though it is so much of it that they are too lazy to tickle lands, but I do not let a vote my thought, because I am sure that the practice would be soon restored by some one seeking popular favor These suggestions are here born over and over illustrated and our pauperism [illegible] steadily citizens on what it feeds is but to [illegible] out of the sickliness of the great [illegible] employers view it at the age and man with any more than is absolutely forced that [illegible] and also [illegible] probably work when offered a scrap to [illegible] a sinecure of any sort. The man would rather "do row" five dollars than five dollars as it was the garden of Eden, a sanest declamation and the peculiar position to [illegible] time. Don't get me know that therefore demagogues are always promising every malcontent man a future when every fisherman on the Columbia will have his "[illegible] and apiary," the "*quantum sufficit* man," who is promised the faithful follower of Islam by the Koran, when it pictures heaven as a land of sunlight mellowed by shade, a land of cool rivers gilt by palm trees, under which the faithful follower of Mohammed finds beautiful women ready to welcome to eternal bliss, where the sunburned Orient finds his heaven an eternity that is as cool, calm and cultivated as Liberia need to be pictured to the benighted African by the eloquent agents of the now defunct American Colonization society.

Here are some facts that illustrate the social fallacy of so-called organized charities. In England in 1885 some 176,000 paupers in the workhouses drank $225,000 worth of intoxicating liquors, and in Scotland 16,000 workhouse inmates drank $4200 worth of whisky. The charity organized town of New York city reports that during the past year 1215 street beggars of other descriptions were dealt with or arrested, of whom 74 per cent were able-bodied, only 6 per cent were destitute and worthy, all of whom were proper cases for the almshouses Mrs. Josephine Lowell, a member of the New York state board of charities, reports that public charity brings large sum bers of children into public institutions who ought to be cared for by their parents. Brooklyn and Kings county has but 1231 dependent children, supported at a cost of $115,830, while New York, with a population only twice as great, supports 14,231 children at a cost to the city treasury of $1,455,-750 As compared with Kings county and on the basis of *equal population*, New York had six times as many child on supported at the public charge. Mrs. Lowel points out that "dependence" among children grows by what it feeds on in New York city In New York state the expenditure of public money for charity exceeds $5,000,000, while private charity and the income and endowments and bequests rises to nearly $5,000,000 more Massachusetts spends more than $2 000,000 of public money for charity, while private charities, endowments, etc., swell this amount by at least as much more The daily average number of paupers, insane and otherwise unfortunate and dependent persons in all the various charitable, reformatory and other institutions of New York, its counties and cities, the past fiscal year, was about 63,000, and the approximate monthly expenditure for their supervision, maintenance and care, in round numbers, was nearly $1,000,000. This means an increase of 3000 persons for the past year, and an increase of nearly $500,000 over the expenses of 1885 The statistics show clearly that the private charitable institutions, supported largely by the city, are full of children, whose parents are fully able to care for them. In the matter of organized charities the best results are shown by the fact that the Children's Aid society, and kindred institutions, give the best results, for the commitments of girls and women for vagrancy have fallen off one-half in six years, while there is a like diminution of children's crimes To illustrate 5680 women and girls were committed for vagrancy in 1860, out of a population of 814,000, while there were 2585 in 1885, out of a population of 1,450,000 In 1865 there were 977 commitments of young girls for petty larceny, in 1885 there were 243. The cases of "juvenile delinquency" fell off in the decade 1875-85 from 917 to 520

These facts point to one conclusion, namely, that organized charity would best devote its money and its labor to juvenile reform Prof Francis Wayland takes the ground that for the incorrigibles of society, the professional criminals, the practice of short sentences for felonies is futile and absurd, and that imprisonment for life should be the invariable disposition of the case. One man had six terms for burglary within seventeen years, each term being shortened by "good behavior"—that is, simply obedience to prison regulations—and thrice after his last release committed a brutal assault upon a woman, for which he is now serving on a five-years' sentence. And her man had five convictions in the same county of Connecticut in about sixteen years. Another, in New York, has received sentences aggregating twenty-seven years, since 1856, and has been in prison, deducting "commutation time" earned by "good behavior," twenty-one years and eight months A convict in Auburn has been imprisoned over forty years. In all these cases the sentences have always been for short terms.

Prof. Wayland thinks the only protection for society against the incorrigible professional criminal is life imprisonment, that is, for a man who has, by a third conviction for felony, become the skilled labor of crime, and therefore has forfeited his right ever to be at large to imperil the property, the peace, and the life of the people.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Go To Garrison's Sewing Machine Office 17 1-2 Third street Portland Agent for all kinds of Machine Needles, Attachments, Oil and Parts. Repairing a specialty

If you want the best Sewing Machine in the world go to Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 17½ Third st Portland and examine the Domestic and Household They lead All others follow

Cure for the Deaf.—Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and prevent the worst of the natural drum Invisible, comfortable and always in position All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly Send for illustrated book of testimonials free. F HISCOX, 853 Broadway N Y

MEETING NOTICE.

Multnomah Typographical Union, No. 58.—Regular monthly meeting will be held Sunday, March 6th at 1 30 P M in Ref Men's Hall Second and Salmon streets Election of Delegate to I T U Convention G H HUMPHREY President

W H DONOHAR Secretary

MARIE STYLE of the Celebrated Butterick Patterns at Wass' Hair Store, 83 Yamhill st

M BEKO & CO., Grocers, Removed to 86 and 88 Salmon Street.

S H SCHWAB & BRO., Leading Printers, LOWEST PRICES 5 WASHINGTON ST

NEW TO-DAY.

NEW

Our new Muslin underwear is ready.

(See display in our window.)

Every seam true and even, every garment shaped perfect, and as to price, quality of work considered, it will hardly justify anyone in making them at home; and ready made, you cannot buy their equal in this market.

S. Lipman & Co.

EUGENE D. WHITE,

N. W cor First and Ankeny Portland, Or Rooms B, C and D.

GEN'L REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Property Bought and Sold on Commission Rents Collected

Taxes Paid for Any Residents

CHOICE Bargains in PORTLAND HEIGHTS and City Property

RARE Bargains in East Portland and Albina Property

FIRE INSURANCE.

GUARDIAN FIRE INSURANCE CO of London Capital paid up in gold, $ 500 000

OAKLAND HOME FIRE of Oakland Cal $100 000 deposited in Salem for security Office or Policy Holders.

HONEY TO LOAN,

From 4 to 10 000 on one month to five years on approved real estate Also personal collateral for short periods at low rates

$250,000

TO LOAN in sums to suit on approved real estate security 8 per cent and no bonuses.

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

For all the States and Territories

NOTARY PUBLIC.

EAST PORTLAND BRANCH,

West Side of Fourth st Between J and K

ERIN GO BRAGH!

GRAND GALA PRODUCTION OF THE GREAT HISTORICAL DRAMA,

ROBERT EMMET,

THE MARTYR OF IRISH LIBERTY,

BY THE

IRISH-AMERICAN DRAMATIC SOCIETY,

AT THE CASINO OPERA HOUSE,

On St. Patrick's Day, 8 P. M., March 17th, 1887.

General admission 50c; reserved seats $1 Seats may be reserved at Sherlock & Thompson's book store on and after Thursday, March 10th. mc9 10 15 16 17

NEW TO-DAY.

BLOCK 48.

—ADDITION TO—

New and Stylish WOOLL

DRESS GOODS,

—IN—

Plain and Fancy

Latest Effects & Colorings,

Colored Oriental Silks AND Shantungs FOR Dress Fancy Work and Window Drapery

S. Lipman & Co.

In this particular instance we would be pleased to have competition, in order to show by a practical test the exact difference that exists between the Silk adulterated with mineals and vegetable matter and the Silk made from the pure fibre of nature's cocoon We will sell you a better Silk for 75c than you can buy this side of New York for $1 We warrant all Pure Silk Oil Faille Silk for $1 is a marvel, usually sold for $1 50 We have all makes and prices in Black Silks Peau de Soie Silks 27 inches wide (actual measure)—worth in first class Eastern houses $2 00, which we sell for the extraordinary low price of $1 50

We have now in stock a line of Silks unequaled for finish and wear Competition we fear not We know where of we speak Think the matter over We can prove just what we say We mail you Samples by mail Goods sent C O D to all parts of the country

NEW TO-DAY.

Portland Dry Goods Store,

165 Third Street, Portland, Or.

WANTED—FIRST CLASS PANTSMAKER AT OLIVIA'S, 69 Washington st

NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY DR FORDEN, Room 9 1st National Bank

ATNA, M TO MORROW YOU CAN BUY AN accident ticket for $3000 at 25c a day 43 Stark st

FURNISHED ROOMS WANTED WITH USE of bath state terms Address, signed, care Oregonian 16

BIEBER & ECK HOUSE PAINTERS AND Kalsominers dealers in mixed paints, oils, wall paper &c 45 Ash st

CONSULTATION FREE — DOCTOR FORDEN cures all chronic diseases rooms 8 and 9 First National Bk Portland

WANTED—A GIRL TO WASH DISHES AT a candy store must live with her parents Address P O Box 456

THOSE STEAKS AND OTHER SOLIDS ARE known far and wide. You'll find them at the New York Restaurant.

RECEIVED EX RENE EUROPEAN NOVELTIES in Plaid Silk Velvets Europ an Wraps will be in shortly at LITT'S

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SWEDISH GIRL to do general housework Inquire N E corner Second and Ash sts

WANTED—SITUATION AS COOK IN FIRST class boarding house or private family Address MRS. BLACK 25 D street

FOR RENT—FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED rooms with board in private family, reference required 125 Fifth st.

WANTED—GIRL TO COOK AND DO GENERAL housework in small family good wages to a competent girl Apply 501 Everett

A MAN OF GOOD ADDRESS CAN FIND STEADY employment by applying to Mr Fountain, Multnomah Hotel, room 2 A M

A HANDSOMELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOM to rent with or without board at 185 Seventh N W cor of Taylor references required

FOR DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND bladder consult Dr FORDEN, Rooms 8 and 9 First National Bank Most all of time

FOR RENT—MARKET GARDEN LAND NEAR Portland, 3 to 10 from Jefferson st P O Apply at BEER & FRANK'S 185 First st

FOR RENT—ONE OR TWO SUNNY ROOMS furnished or unfurnished suitable for light housekeeping 61 Twenty-second st near Washington

WANTED—20 MEN TO WORK ON RIVER at $1 75 per day will go on March 1st call at 11 A M KINCAID & CO 108 Front st

FOR RENT—A LARGE FRONT ROOM NICELY furnished with use of bath in a private family also a North room between Third and Fourth

WANTED—A GIRL OF HOUSE YEARS TO work in family of three Apply at 401 Twenty-second Twenty-first and Twenty-second sts

FOR SALE—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH of cotton, warranted to pass a Liverpool inspection CROFT & DAVIS 132 Front st

LOST—A SMALL RED MORGOLIA DOG answers to the name of Spot Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving him at 1 Sherlock's Block

WANTED—A EXPERIENCED NURSE GIRL to take care of an infant Apply at 1 Sherlock's Block

DECORATIVE ART! Wall paper and window shades Ames & Smith

THEATRICAL & MASQUERADE COSTUMES for sale or hire STARK ST NEAR FIFTH

WOOD—CUT AND UNCUT 4 FOOT AND BLOCK WOOD Leave orders at 1 Sherlock's Block

FOR SALE—10 SHARES OF STOCK IN THE Portland Building and Loan Association Address P O Box 504

CAUTION NOTICE—THE BARK BRITANNIA is chartered and will be loaded for any due consignment will be received only at Wilson & Co's dock

$2700 WILL BUY A PIECE OF CITY property 50 by 100 feet with a house of seven rooms and a good cellar and basement in same Also a good piece of property in same locality with house renting with $8 00 and a fine corner lot, pleasantly situated for a home and healthy Also two choice property lots Portland Heights Inquire of I V ALLEN 9 Washington st

A TRACT OF TEN ACRES IN THE SUBDIVISION of Block 4 Albina Homestead Association of Mr Wood the Willamette river and the city Portland any part of Tabor property is best by city improvements as well and proximity to the city The price per acre is less than that of Mr Tabor property is less than the price asked for lots less than one-fourth the size of one acre each Address Box 504 Portland Or

FOR SALE—PLANING MILL MACHINERY—1 Morse Machine 1 Band saw 1 Rip saw 1 Rip saw 1 Jig Saw 1 Matcher 1 Moulding Machine 1 Tenon Machine 1 Gain Machine Price $1200 Address P O Box 81 East Portland

FOR SALE.

TWO UNIMPROVED CORNER LOTS TWENTY-two feet front each on Hall street by one hundred feet deep on Flint and Jefferson streets CROFT & DAVIS 132 Front st

AGENTS WANTED

$20 a day can be made by selling $20 BIBLES! ACCOMPANIES

Any person can buy an Accompaniment to the Bible without a teacher and make a good salary Illustrated circulars free Address

P W ELLINGTON, Gen Agent Portland

PROPOSALS FOR WOOD.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT THE office of the O C R R Room No 2 corner First and Stark up to 5 o'clock P M March 10 1887, for supplying the

O. & C. R. R. FERRY BOAT,

Daily, with Wood from the first day of May, 1887 for the term of one year Specifications may be seen upon application W T BUTLER, Purchasing Agent

6m10c

NEW TO DAY.

WEEK

—OUT FOR—

Something New.

THIS WEEK:

NEW YORK JEWELRY

107 First St., Portland, Or.

GERLIE.

THE BEST

BREAKFAST

In the World.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

OLIPHANT & CUTTING,

SOLE AGENTS.

GERLIE'S

HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET.

CAUTION—Do not let a corset lead you into buying something it is not. This is a caution against worthless imitations of the GERLIE HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET. Do not buy after five weeks wear if not perfectly satisfactory. Name by Dress Goods dealers. If you have not got it write us. Sold everywhere $1 50 Send for illustrated circular

S. L. LESZYNSKY & CO.

Sole Agents for Portland

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND SUNDAY MARCH 6 1887

SIGNAL SERVICE WEATHER REPORT.

Local Report.

PORTLAND March 5 6 00 P. M.

Name of Station	Bar	Ther	Max Ther	Min Ther	Prec	Wind Dir	Wind Vel	Weather
Portland	30	50	52	44	0	S	4	Cloudy
Roseburg	30	52	54	44	0	S	4	Cloudy
Salem	30	52	54	44	0	S	4	Cloudy
Eugene	30	52	54	44	0	S	4	Cloudy
Albany	30	52	54	44	0	S	4	Cloudy
Walla Walla	30	52	54	44	0	S	4	Cloudy
Dalles	30	52	54	44	0	S	4	Cloudy
Baker City	30	52	54	44

NEW TO-DAY.

—ADDITIONAL—

ew and Stylish

WOOLEN

ss Materials,

—IN—

Plain and Fancy

t Effects & Colorings,

ored Oriental Silks

AND

Shantings

FOR

ncy Work and Window Drapery

Lyman Ho.

—OUT FOR—

mething New

THIS WEEK!

YORK JEWELRY C.

107 First St., Portland, Or.

ERMEAL!

THE BEST

KFAST FOOD

In the World.

SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

PHANT & CUTTING,

SOLE AGENTS.

EALTH

SERVING

ORSET.

TION—Do not

L LESZYNSKY & CO.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

10 CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

NNUAL SCHOOL ELECTION.

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE AN

School Election of District No. 1

region, will be held on Monday,

the polls will open at 9 o'clock P.M. and

at 8 P.M. said day.

ction is for the purpose of electing

the term of five years, and a Clerk

ace of one year.

place and are as follows:

, corner Third and Alder—Southeast corner First and Yamhill—Northwest corner First and Yamhill.

By order of the Board.

T. P. STRICKLER, Clerk.

LITTLE HOMES.

RES WITH GOOD HOUSE, CISTERN,

chard, some small fruit, one acre

ll, 3 miles from Sellwood, 5 miles

Price $1,000; $100 cash, balance

Inquire of owner, 1 mile south of

Sellwood, or address

J. W. CAMPBELL.

ATTENTION!

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

IF SO, CALL AT

No. 1 Front street, and get prices on

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Work, Newels, Balusters, Rails, Brackets, Scroll Work, Turning, Sawing, Planing, Etc.

Also, Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Etc.

Yard and Factory, Corner Front and Taylor streets.

Telephone No. 1.

CITY TAXES.

TAX ROLL FOR 1887 IS NOW IN MY

is hereby given that taxes levied

be paid at my office, at the

from the date of the first publication

D. C. MONTGOMERY,

City Treasurer.

Portland, Feb. 19, 1887.

1sthd

Proposals for Bridge.

WILL BE RECEIVED AT THE

Commissioners' office, in the City

Portland, Or., until 12 o'clock M.

day, the 7th day of March, 1887,

for the construction of a bridge

the foot of the Ross Island Bridge

the Willamette River, connecting

City of Portland with Clackamas

Plans and specifications may be

at the office of the Clerk of Multnomah County, Or.

The Board reserves the right to reject any bid received.

By order of the Board.

W. L. ADAMS, Clerk.

Portland, Or., Feb. 18, 1887.

FOR SCHOOL CLERK.

BY ANNOUNCE MYSELF A CANDIDATE

for School Clerk for the ensuing

to the voters at the coming

FOR SCHOOL CLERK.

BY ANNOUNCE MYSELF A CANDIDATE

for School Clerk for the ensuing

to the voters at the coming

FOR SCHOOL CLERK.

BY ANNOUNCE MYSELF A CANDIDATE

for School Clerk for the ensuing

to the voters at the coming

FOR SCHOOL CLERK.

BY ANNOUNCE MYSELF A CANDIDATE

for School Clerk for the ensuing

to the voters at the coming

DR. F. W. KEHN.

Graduate of Dentistry, Office, 209 Morrison st., cor. Second.

GO FOR HUNTING.

STEAM LAUNCH MIKADO LEAVES

Clarmette Iron Works foot of Jefferson st. daily at 2 P. M.

DR. A. J. NICKLIN,

176 Washington st. Telephone 8.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, SUNDAY MARCH 6, 1887.

SIGNAL SERVICE WEATHER REPORT.

Local Report.

PORTLAND, March 5, 8:49 P. M.

Station.	Height above Sea.	Barometer reduced to Sea.	Thermometer.	Velocity of Wind.	Direction of Wind.	Weather.
Portland	50	30.15	43	5	S	Cloudy
Astoria	10	30.22	46	8	SW	Cloudy
Walla Walla	1,000	29.00	46	4	SW	Clear
Boise City	2,800	28.90	36	4	SW	Clear
Baker City	3,400	28.87	34	4	SW	Clear
Roseburg	500	30.12	46	4	SW	Cloudy
Red Bluff	350	30.08	52	4	SW	Clear
Sacramento	30	30.08	52	4	SW	Clear
San Francisco	50	30.08	52	4	SW	Clear
Carson City	4,600	28.60	36	4	SW	Clear
Winnemucca	4,300	28.80	36	4	SW	Clear
Independence	3,900	28.90	36	4	SW	Clear
Yuma	200	29.90	52	4	SW	Clear
Fort Yuma	200	29.90	52	4	SW	Clear
Tucson	2,400	29.00	46	4	SW	Clear
Prescott	5,400	28.70	36	4	SW	Clear
Fort Apache	6,000	28.60	36	4	SW	Clear
Fort Bowie	5,000	28.80	36	4	SW	Clear
Fort Grant	5,000	28.80	36	4	SW	Clear
Fort Lowell	2,600	29.00	46	4	SW	Clear
Fort Mojave	600	29.90	52	4	SW	Clear
Fort Verde	3,200	28.90	36	4	SW	Clear
Fort Whipple	5,200	28.70	36	4	SW	Clear
Maricopa	1,200	29.00	46	4	SW	Clear
Mohave	500	29.90	52	4	SW	Clear
Pioneer	1,200	29.00	46	4	SW	Clear
Port Lookout	5,200	28.70	36	4	SW	Clear
Port Whipple	5,200	28.70	36	4	SW	Clear
Tucson	2,400	29.00	46	4	SW	Clear
Yuma	200	29.90	52	4	SW	Clear

Note: Barometer reduced to sea level. Thermometer: Max., 53; minimum, 41. Rainfall in last 24 hours, 0.16 inch.

Explanation of Terms.—Mean Barometer, Temperature, Direction of Wind, State of Weather, Velocity of Wind, Rainfall, Character of Weather, Number of Hours, Miles per hour.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Forecast, March 5.—Indications for the next thirty hours commencing at 4 A. M., Sunday, for Oregon, Washington territory and Oregon, will be followed by fair weather.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Bishop Paddock's Episcopal mission, First and Jefferson streets. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Taylor street, corner of Fifth and Oak streets. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 9:45 A. M.

The Young People's society of Portland meets in the church, corner of Salmon and Second streets, at 7:30 P. M. Usual exercises.

The Methodist Episcopal church, corner Columbia and Park streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by the pastor, Elder J. W. Hall.

At the installation of Rev. W. H. Lundin as pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church, South Portland, on Sunday next, there will be no services at the Portland Swedish church, corner Second and Market streets.

Taylor-street M. E. church, corner of Hood street, Rev. W. H. Richardson, pastor.—Preaching at 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M. Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Class meeting. Free seats.

Seventh-street church, corner Tenth and Taylor streets, at 11 A. M. by Rev. John Doughty of Vancouver, under the auspices of the new church society. Subject: "In what Sense may the Bible be Considered the Word of God."

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of Washington and Park streets.—Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Preaching morning and evening at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. In the absence of Rev. R. B. Dillon, Rev. Warren H. Landon, pastor, will conduct communion service on next Sunday.

The Baptist church, corner of First and Salmon streets. A Bible class from 9:30 to 10:30 A. M. A full course of study will be commenced. Afternoon service will be committed to the care of the meeting in the New Market theater.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel church, corner Ninth and Tenth streets, between Main and Yamhill streets, Rev. N. Sonn, pastor—Services Sunday morning at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and on Thursday at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15 o'clock P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:45 P. M. All welcome.

The Swedish church—Corner Yamhill and Seventh streets, Rev. J. E. Eliot, minister. Services every morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 7:30 o'clock. Temperance society Friday evening at 7:30. The evening service Sunday will commemorate the anniversary of the Sunday school.

The First Presbyterian church, corner Third and D streets south. Services. The Rev. R. Gilpin, chaplain. Preach every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7:30. Bible class every Sunday morning at 9:30. All are affectionately invited.

The Congregational church, corner of Second and Yamhill streets, Rev. T. E. Clapp, pastor.—Preaching and reception of members at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Endeavor society at 6:30 P. M. Preaching at 7:30. Strangers welcome.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel church, corner Ninth and Tenth, between Main and Yamhill streets, Rev. N. Sonn, pastor.—Services Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M. and on Thursday at 7:45 P. M. All welcome.

The Methodist church, corner Taylor and Seventh streets, Rev. E. W. Caswell, pastor.—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. T. A. Hull, of Oregon City. The pastor will officiate in the afternoon. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30; seats free; all cordially welcome.

The Methodist church, corner of Fourth and Taylor streets, Rev. C. A. Henry, pastor, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., general Sunday school secretary of the North Pacific coast, will speak both morning and evening. Morning subject, "The Sunday Schools." Evening subject, "Our Publishing Works." All are welcome. Strangers invited. Seats free to the public.

The First Baptist church, corner of Hall and Second streets, preaching at 11 A. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. by the pastor, followed by the ordinance of the Lord's supper. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. by Rev. Frank Dimon. Tuesday 7:30 P. M. Covenant meeting. Thursday 7:30 P. M. General prayer meeting. Thursday evening general prayer meeting. Free seats.

The Presbyterian church, corner of Ninth and Yamhill streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. following the dedication of the new members and the communion. Sabbath school and Bible class at 9:30 o'clock. Service by the Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 o'clock. At 7:30 P. M. Rev. Warren H. Landon, pastor of the church, will be installed according to the custom of the Presbyterian church of America.

The Catholic church, corner of Ninth and Davis streets, Rev. Father Hill, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

The Catholic church, at the hall on J street, between First and Fifth. Preaching Sunday at 3 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. Morning and evening services.

The Catholic church, corner of G and Tenth streets. Rev. Father Hill, pastor. Services every Sunday at 7:30 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

The Catholic church—Preaching services every Sunday at 7 P. M., February 20th. In the hall of the Good Templars' lodge, corner of First and Yamhill streets, every Sunday at 3 P. M. All welcome. Seats free.

Services in the Christian church, to-day at the corner of Taylor street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, at 11 A. M. Preaching morning and evening by W. F. Richardson.

The Reformed Episcopal church, Rev. John W. Hill, rector. Regular services at 11 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 9:45 A. M. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:45 A. M.

The Unitarian church—Rev. I. O. Ghormley will preach at 11 A. M. Sabbath, February 27th. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Strangers welcome.

The Baptist church, corner G and Seventh streets. Rev. T. Richards will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., as usual. Sabbath school at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

The Episcopal church, corner I and Seventh streets, Rev. I. D. Driver, pastor—Regular services will be held at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school meets at 12:30 o'clock. All are welcome.

The Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and J streets, Rev. I. O. Ghormley, pastor—Divine service at 11 A. M., the pastor occupying the pulpit. No evening service. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Communion at the morning service.

LETTER CARRIER'S STATISTICS.

During February the letter carriers of this city delivered the following work:

DELIVERED.	
Local letters	337
Local postals	10,581
Transient	6,971
Drop	10,031
Postals	3,639
Total	32,559
COLLECTED.	
Drop	95,281
Postals	12,277
Total	5,177

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Albina's new paper, the *Courier*, made its appearance yesterday.

Manager Clinton has prepared an extra bill for this evening at the Tivoli.

Rev. Warren H. Landon, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian church, will be formally installed to-night.

Lovers of art should not fail to see that crayon sketch of Mary Anderson, in Gump's window, executed by Miss. Samuel Collyer.

Wilbur Gibons, aged 22 years, the youngest son of Hon. R. F. Gibons, of The Dalles, died at Prineville, Oregon, last Sunday.

There was a large audience in attendance upon the special session of the Albina council last night, interested in the proceedings.

In attempting to extinguish a fire, which had caught in some curtains from a burning lamp, Miss Lisa Dekum burned her hands severely.

Multnomah Typographical union, No. 58, holds a meeting this afternoon to elect a delegate to the International union, which meets at Buffalo in June.

The coroner's jury at Baker City, called for the purpose of holding an inquest on the body Henry Kothe, returned a verdict that he came to his death at the hands of Tony Lowe.

W. W. Spaulding yesterday commenced suit in the state circuit court against Joseph Burk to recover $327 52, being a balance due for cattle sold and delivered between the months of May and December, 1881.

A colored tramp was "doing" Shoalwater bay last week. He weighs 276 pounds, is 65 years of age, was born in slavery, sold four or five times, and is now making an extended tour through the United States on foot.

In the state circuit court yesterday D. G. Ross commenced an action against M. J. Blagen, Hannah Blagen and Annie E. Ross for the partition of a part of block 53, situate at Grover and Russell streets, Albina. Plaintiff alleges he owns a two-thirds interest in the property and defendants a one-third.

Says the Oysterville *Journal*: In conversation with an oysterman the other day we were informed that it was next to impossible to get help to cull oysters, and if the present state of affairs lasted they would be compelled to import some one to do the work. Will oystermen have to resort to Chinamen? Cullers can make $1 50 per day.

George Edwards, the ex-pugilist, who has been ailing from lung disease for many months past, will leave for his home in Troy, N. Y., today. Edwards was a member of Three's engine, and since his illness has been taken care of by the relief fund of the fire department. He is not yet by any means well, but it is thought he will be able to reach home safely.

SHIPPING NOTES.

ASTORIA, March 5.—Str. State of California left up 8:20 A. M., and left up 10:20 A. M.; str. Columbia down 10:35 A. M.; Br. bk. Glenmore in; Oakhama left up 2 P. M. with Br. bk. Genavon.

NEW JAILER.

D. C. Lounsbury yesterday resigned his position as county jailer and H. C. Wood was appointed in his stead. Mr. Lounsbury will also resume his previous position in the sheriff's office.

FELL OVERBOARD.

About 11 o'clock last night a drunken sailor fell into the river at the foot of Oak street. The man seized a pile, and holding on fast, called for help. Captain Van Auken, of the Stark street ferry, went to him in a small boat and rescued him from his perilous position. The man had been in the water some fifteen minutes. His name was not learned.

ARRESTED FOR LARCENY.

Two boys, Charles Canard and John Sell, were arrested yesterday by policeman Emig, on a warrant charging them with larceny. February 28 the boys stole some coal oil cans from the foot of Alder street, belonging to the Columbia Transportation company, hauling them away on a little wagon. The cases will come up for investigation in the police court Monday.

END OF CHINESE CONSPIRACY CASES.

Friday night at Tacoma the United States grand jury returned not true bills in the cases of M. Kaufmann, E. G. Bacon, John Forbes, R. J. Welsbach, D. B. Hannah, Jacob Ralph, James Wickersham, George P. Epperson, T. A. Cornerford and H. A. Stevens, who were arrested a year ago in connection with the well known Chinese outrages. This action ends the matter.

NEW BUILDING.

A. Goodnough has begun the erection of a row of two-story frame stores on the northwest corner of Second and B streets, facing Second street. They will be ready for occupancy within a month or so. The premises of a bridge, and depot buildings near Couch lake, has stimulated building in the north end, and as soon as the weather settles, scores of buildings will be going up in a portion of the city that has been somewhat neglected for the past three years.

TRUNK FOUND.

Yesterday, while some plumbers were working under Staver & Walker's wharf they found a trunk filled with clothing, and had the same taken to the police station, where it now is. Investigation of its contents by the authorities leads to the belief that it belongs to Mrs. Capt. C. O. Hill, who recently took out a license as a pilot for the little steamer Minnie Hill. How the trunk came where it was found is not known, but it is supposed it was stolen and hid there by the thieves.

TRAMP BOUND OVER.

J. E. Bowen, a tramp, was tried before Justice H. R. Wilson of Albina yesterday, charged with breaking the seal of an O. R. & N. freight car Friday night. He was bound over to await the action of the grand jury in the sum of $100. Probably Bowen intended only to steal a ride by getting into a freight car, but it happened that the car contained valuable merchandise, and the chances are he has technically committed a crime which will land him in state's prison.

DROWNED NEAR THE CASCADES.

A man named James Jones was drowned last Saturday about two miles above the Cascades, on the Washington territory side, says the Dalles *Times-Mountaineer*. Mr. Jones was an old boatman, and had been engaged in the river trade for many years. He was going on board the scow at the time the accident happened, when his foot slipped and he fell into the water, never rising to the surface afterwards. His body was recovered soon afterwards, and an inquest held over the remains. Mr. Jones was about 45 years of age, and of Irish descent.

LOOKING FOR HIS WIFE.

Henry Goss, a laborer, created some excitement yesterday afternoon by marching up Third street, from Ash to Yamhill, bareheaded, hunting for his wife. He was followed by a troop of small boys, who increased in number at every advance in the line of march. If policeman Holmpple had not taken care of the man just in time, all the ragamuffins would soon have joined the ranks of his followers. It seems that Goss's wife has joined the Salvation Army, and as he needs salvation just as bad as any outsider, he felt very sore to think that his spouse should volunteer to save others when he himself was so much in need of salvation. Goss is now at the city jail.

THE DIVORCE MILL.

Henrietta Dunn was yesterday granted a decree of divorce from John S. Dunn on the ground of cruel treatment. Dunn is a painter by trade and, it seems, went home recently and, while his wife was engaged in cooking cabbage, put a pair of old trousers on the stove to thaw out. Mrs. Dunn objected and a quarrel ensued. This eventually brought about the notion for a dissolution of the matrimonial bonds.

Dora Taake was granted a divorce from Fred Taake on the ground of gross and habitual drunkenness.

L. A. Cook yesterday commenced suit in the state circuit court to be released from the control of his wife, Mrs. R. M. Cook. They were married November 30 in Monmouth, Ill. Plaintiff alleges cruel treatment and that she has frequently threatened to kill him.

WAS SHE ROBBED BY FRIENDS?

Mrs. F. W. Tubesill, of this city, has lost $425 by robbery. The story of the loss, as reported by the victim to the police, is as follows: On Friday morning Mrs. Tubesill called at the house of Mrs. J. J. Randall, corner Third and Washington and asked Mrs. Randall to accompany her to the dentist's. She had $425 with her, which she requested Mrs. Randall to put away in some safe place until they returned. In the presence of Mrs. Randall's husband, the money was placed in a trunk. Upon their return from the dentist's Mrs. Randall found a note from her husband stating that he had locked the trunk and would be back in a few minutes. Up to 10 o'clock yesterday morning Randall had not returned, so Mrs. Randall asked the police whether she had a right to break open the trunk. She was advised to do so in the presence of a witness, in order to remove all suspicion from her of having taken the money in the event that it was gone. She returned home apparently well pleased with the advice. An hour later Mrs. Randall returned to the station reporting that the trunk had been broken open and the money found to be missing. Later in the day Mrs. Tumbersill called upon the police judge for advice, saying she could scarcely believe that her friends would rob her. However, upon the suggestion of Deputy District Attorney Simon she consented to have warrants issued for the arrest of Randall and his wife. If the former stole the money he very likely left on the steamer which sailed for San Francisco Friday night.

LIGHT SENTENCE.

R. G. Huestis, the young man who served as Chinese interpreter in the police court last summer, was taken to the government penitentiary on McNeil island Friday. It will be remembered that two or three months ago, at the time of his arrest, his room in Seattle was searched and his trunks found to contain large quantities of contraband opium. It seems that he belonged to an organized gang of smugglers, and that his duty was to receive the stuff at Seattle and forward it to Portland in demijohns, crockery crates and various-shaped packages. He was indicted on four charges, but was allowed to plead guilty to one, and was sentenced to two months. His associate, Harry Phelan, is probably 25 years of age, and was convicted by a jury of facilitating the transportation of opium. He also got two months.

INDICTMENTS.

The grand jury yesterday presented nine indictments, as follows: Al. Slader, Lizzie Faulis, Florence Fallon and Mary Dorner, larceny from the person of Isaac Allen, and John Faulis, keeping a house of prostitution and larceny of money from Allen; Alfred Zetterman, the Salvation Army drunk, assault with a dangerous weapon in shooting at Thomas Hennay on the night of February 24; James Murphy, larceny of a coat and vest belonging to C. Traupe, and a watch and chain belonging to James Trumbull; Ah Fook, larceny of a purse and $8 55, February 18, from Lucy Dodd.

Not true bills were returned in the case of E. P. McGrath, who assaulted Morris Cohen with a pistol, and E. McCloskey, accused of stealing a coat belonging to Wm. A. Lewis.

McGrath and McCloskey were released from custody. Faulis and his wife and the balance of the crowd who robbed Allen are locked up.

TOUGH TARS.

There arrived here Friday in the American ship Olive S. Southard, from San Pedro, as rough a looking lot of men as ever "cut a throat or scuttled a ship." They are Greeks, and each one is armed with a bluff and long knife and all have plenty of money. Yesterday they were doing the dives of Couch precinct and last night were painting the town red. There are ten or eleven in the gang and they make no secret of the fact that they are as tough a lot as ever sailed before the mast. One of the tars said to a boarding-house keeper that they had scuttled an English ship bound from Australia to San Francisco; that she went to pieces on the breakers a few miles above San Diego, and that they made their escape in a small boat, losing one of their number overboard. From San Diego the men walked along the beach to San Pedro, where they shipped for Portland in the Southard. Perhaps the sailors are talking just to hear themselves talk, but the sailor boarding-house keepers of Portland, and they are by no means chicken-hearted, have no desire of an intimate acquaintance with the piratical looking gang.

NO TIDINGS FROM ROSS.

Nothing has yet been heard from C. H. Ross, who escaped from the county jail Friday, although several deputy sheriffs searched the hills industriously for him all day yesterday. Jailer Lounsbury now claims that the back door was not open, as he first supposed, but that Ross got out by opening the lock with a wooden key. A key of this kind can be made by cutting a piece of hard wood to fit the lock, making a hole in one end of it and charring the wood. After inserting it into the lock keep turning it around one way and the other, and the mark of the springs will show themselves on the charred wood. Then, as indicated by the marks, you can cut out the necessary nicks in your wooden key until it fits the lock. The one used by Ross is supposed to have been made by a trusty.

It is reported that Ross, the burglar, when he got out of jail, kept straight out Salmon street, crossed Taunie's creek gulch, stopped a moment in front of Jos. Gaston's house, and looked back, evidently to learn whether he was pursued, and then continued west. He has only one good shoe on when he escaped, the sole of the other being worn through. It could not have lasted him for a five-mile tramp.

SIXTH SWEDENBORGIAN LECTURE.

John Doughty lectured last evening at the tabernacle on the New Church doctrine concerning hell. He took strong issue with the theory of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, and essayed to show that as God is a being of love and mercy, it could not be possible that he published man forever by virtue of his wrath, or justice, or any arbitrary hypothesis. He showed that punishment inevitably inhered in violated law. He illustrated this by fire, a blessing in itself, but which if its use was perverted, as by wilfully thrusting the hand into it, the violator of the laws of fire would be burned. So sin was a violation of the eternal laws of good established by God. The punishment inhered in the violation of the divine law. Thus God sent no man to hell; he sent himself there. God punished no man; he brought punishment on himself by violating the law. The lecturer gave a vivid description of the nature of hell and its surroundings, and declared that the Lord being love, did the best he could under the circumstances for the happiness of even the wicked, but that there was no avoidance of the inherent penalty of violated divine law.

He announced the subject for to-day's 3 P. M. service, at the same place, as "In what sense may the bible be considered the word of God?" Subject for Monday evening's lecture, "What are we to understand by the second coming of the Lord?"

THE COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT NO. 1.

J. B. True vs. The Electric Light and Power Co.; defendant ordered to exhibit to plaintiff's attorneys certain pay rolls and written contracts.

Mary Doran vs. P. G. Baker; motion for judgment on the pleadings allowed and motion to amend complaint denied; judgment for defendant for costs, etc.

H. G. Caley vs. J. and A. Maxwell; motion for a new trial denied.

Annie E. Rutherford vs. R. H. Thompson and others; motion to strike out part of reply denied.

D. F. Budd vs. Multnomah Street Railway company; plaintiff allowed one week further time in which to second amended answer.

Frank Grosvenor vs. H. W. Dickey; sheriff ordered to appear within one week to show cause why costs should not be reduced.

John Kiernan vs. Joseph Hedaday and others; Geo. W. Webber allowed to file his answer and given leave to withdraw appeal.

David Robertson vs. F. Leich; demurrer to amended answer overruled; plaintiff granted five days to reply.

F. Kittner vs. Watson, Wright & Co.; notion for new trial submitted.

Herman Meyers vs. Meier & Frank; Plaintiff allowed to withdraw petition to perpetuate testimony from the files.

W. Sloan and others vs. Julius Levi; judgment by default for plaintiff for $1935 05 and costs, etc.

CIRCUIT COURT NO. 2.

Henrietta Dunn vs. John S. Dunn; decree of divorce.

Dora Taake vs. Fred Taake; decree of divorce.

POLICE COURT.

Yesterday in the police court John Bently, who has been showing up too frequently of late, was sentenced to fifty days for drunkenness.

John Faulis, the keeper of a dive at Front and Main streets, was held to answer on a charge of larceny from Isaac Allen.

SELLWOOD.

CHARTER ELECTION.

The election for city officers and for councilmen, under the charter granted by the late session of the legislature, was held yesterday afternoon. There were two tickets in the field. Eighty-five votes were cast and the entire regular ticket was elected. The vote was:

For President of Council—J. G. Cunningham, 82; no opposition.

For councilmen—A. M. Speckelmier, 63; C. F. Chatterton, 61; C. B. Murphy, 67; E. L. Corner, 69; R. Bean, 19; J. P. Zerngiebel, 15; J. L. Mellrath, 19.

For recorder—G. L. Read, 58; C. F. Posch, 26.

For street commissioner—L. W. Robertson, 83; no opposition.

For marshal—N. Connis, 55; J. Robertson, 29.

For treasurer—A. E. Severance, 62; F. C. Briggs, 23.

DIVISION OF THE SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

The school superintendents of Multnomah and Clackamas counties, finding that the bitter feeling between the citizens of Willsburg and Sellwood would result in injury to the educational interests of district No. 10, have divided it on the line last petitioned for by the residents of the district. Willsburg retains the organization, and consequently will have but two directors to elect. Sellwood will become a new district, and elect a full board. The voters of the joint district will meet on Monday evening to finish up the business of the old district.

Ladies.

For pure teas and coffees don't forget the Great Eastern Tea Company's store, 225 First and 51 Washington street, where you can get exactly what you call for. New and handsome presents for each customer. Come and see us.

ALBINA COUNCIL.

Liquor Licenses Fixed at $300 a Year—Saloons must Close at 11 P. M.—Other Business.

A special meeting of the Albina city council was held last night, Mayor Steffen in the chair.

Roll was called and a quorum was found present.

PETITIONS.

From about fifty signers, citizens of Albina, asking that all saloons be required to close their doors by 11 o'clock at night; placed on file.

ORDINANCES.

An ordinance to provide for licensing barrooms and drinking shops. The ordinance places liquor licenses at $300 per annum. It had been referred to a special committee, who recommended that the ordinance pass with amendments. The committee recommended that in section 2 the age be changed from 21 to 18, in relation to minors; passed.

An ordinance relating to offenses and disorderly conduct came up with a report from the committee on health and police, recommending its passage with certain amendments. Foster moved the ordinance be read a third time; carried.

On motion of Mr. Linsfield the ordinance was referred back to the committee on health and police for future revision.

An ordinance relating to the city recorder was read the first time. It was then referred to the committee on health and police.

An ordinance relating to the city marshal was read and referred to the committee on health and police.

An ordinance authorizing the committee on streets and public property to enter into a contract with W. B. Mayre, surveyor, in regard to establishing the grades of streets came up. Action on this ordinance was deferred, pending the report of the committee that is now conferring with Mr. Mayre in regard to cost.

CLAIMS.

Charles Carroll presented a bill for $5 for services as clerk at the election.

O. C. Baker presented a bill for $5 for same service.

Referred to finance committee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The finance committee recommended that the bills presented at last meeting be paid.

The committee on streets and public property asked for further time in which to report on sidewalks, etc.; granted.

Councilman Boggs was excused from further attendance and went home.

Foster the right saloons should be allowed to keep open until 12 M. instead of 11 as in ordinance.

Adjourned to meet next Thursday.

REAL ESTATE.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clark & Co., real estate agents

Business continues to improve. A more general all-round inquiry is becoming daily more observable. People are beginning to believe that Oregon is progressing and that Portland will continue to advance. The result of this conviction is seen in the stiffening of prices by many holders, some of whom appear to anticipate a boom or express their belief that a boom is now in progress. There is no present boom nor is there any reason to expect one; nor does any sincere friend of Portland desire to see one. Booms in real estate invariably, in the long run, are found to be more disastrous than beneficial. On the other hand, the steady growth of confidence which induces, and at the present time is inducing, hundreds of our citizens to seek home sites and business investments is a healthful prudential movement which is amply warrante by the present condition and growth of Portland and Oregon.

The recorded business of the week show forty-eight deeds, amounting to $102,713 90; the corresponding week of last year exhibited this: Forty-six deeds and $32,975 54.

Following is list of recorded transfers:

FEBRUARY 28.

Chief of Police to M. E. Sykes, lot 8, blk 102 Caruthers	$ 137 50
D. R. Abrams et al, to G. T. Hedges, lot 3, blk 34, Multnomah	125 00
John T. Farmer & wf to A. E. Goodnough, lots 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, blk 76, Holladay's S. P	1 00
W. S. Gordon & wf to H. E. Pattee, lots 1, 2, blk 236, E. P	1,600 00
Sellwood Real Estate Co. to J. S. Cunningham, lot 11, blk 97, Sellwood	130 00
Same to John J. Kelly, lot 10, 914 88, Sellwood	110 00
Pratt Whitcomb to Julia E. Whitcomb, lots 1, 2, blk 14, Caruthers	1 00
United States to Alex. Moore, 160 acres, Sec 24, 1 N, 2 E	
H. L. Wortman to Geo. H. Ennis et al., lot 19, blk 18, Albina	250 00

MARCH 1.

Lucen Mason to H. G. Morgan, lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; west ½ 10, blk 3, Midway	250 00
G. W. Shaver & wf to V. K. Strode, 10 x 90 blk 11, Irvine's E. P	900 00
Tilly Watson to W. & I. Danver, 80 acres, Sec 26, 1 S, 2 E	1,000 00
C. E. Stedman & wf to E. O. Magoon, west 65 ft lot 6, blk 3, Evan's, Albina	400 00
Samuel Coulter & wf to A. Meier, ½ lots 3, 4, blk 77, and pt east of same to river, et al	3,000 00
Same to Julia D. Church, ½ lots 3 4, blk 77, city	83,000 00
C. P. Church & wf to A. Meier, ½ of S ½ blk 77, city	1 00
W. S. Ladd & wf to Julia D. Church et al., S ½ blk 77, city	1 00
River View Cemetery Association to S. W. Hoyt et al, lots 6, 8, 9, cemetery	650 00
A. J. Allyn to C. Friedlander, 30x100 ft north of Clay and west of 12th sts., city	1,200 00
Homer Leonard to L. O. & S. M. Leonard, S. of west ½ lots 7, 8, blk 13, Kenworthy's, E. P	200 00
A. J. Young to same, lots 1, 2, east ½ 7, 8, blk 13, Kenworthy's, E. P	900 00
Lone Fir Cemetery Co. to John Roos, lot 41, blk 20, cemetery	30 00
Wm. Barnes & wf to Isaac Barnes, 20½ acres, Sec 24, 1 N, 1 W	1 00
W. S. Ladd & wf to G. F. Cramer 22 acres, Sec 14, 1 S, 2 E	275 00
F. M. Dun & wf to same, same	1 00

MARCH 2.

Van B. Delashmutt & wf to T. W. Stout, lot 8, blk 12, River View, Albina	230 00
H. L. Dare & wf to Emma G. Robinson, lot 7, blk 195, City	1,450 00
E. J. Haight & wf to Albert Vail lots 6, blk 8, Albina Homestead	100 00
C. Cæsar to Max Otto, lots 15, 17, Belleview, E. P	1 00
Ellis 44, Hog 109 & wf to Peter J. Flynn, E. ½ lots 2, 3 blk 104, Couch	1,900 00

MARCH 3.

P. Lowengart & wf to David M. Dunne, lot 2, blk 150, Couch	2,300 00
F. A. Hoffman to Eugene Stebbinger, 80x100 ft blk 58, Caruthers	1,750 00
Wm. D. Walsh & wf to Ella C. Capps, lots 1, 2, 7, 8, blk 4, St. Johns	1 00
N. B. Wilson to O. Wilson, W. ½ lots 17, 18, blk 31, Albina	2,000 00
E. O. Magoon & wf to John Russell, lot 15, blk 83, Albina	
E. N. Zeller & wf to Wm. R. Stokes, N. ½ lot 1, blk 270, E. P	1 00

MARCH 4.

Sellwood Real Estate Co. to Herman Bean, lots 3, 4, blk 31, Sellwood	300 00
J. W. Oatbee & wf to Anna Bellig, 30 acres Sec 14, 1 S, 1 E	630 00
E. Quackenbush & wf to Theresa Everding, E. ½ lots 7, 8, N. ½ blk 9 City	2,350 00

MARCH 5.

J. M. Joy & wf to R. Z. Joy, 1 acres Sec 28, 2 N, 2 W	300 00
C. H. Barnett & wf to E. H. Estes, 50x100 ft near Twentieth and F Sts., City	1,350 00
Leander Russell to Henry Studson, 20 acres Sec 4, 1 S, 3 E	525 00
Jos. Sies & wf to Jacob Marin, lot 11, frac. lots 12, 13, blk 1, Sies's, E. P	250 00
Charles Miller & wf to Mary Christianson, part Tibbet's D. L. C	975 00
P. Seablock et al. to L. A. Sedlock et al., lot 4, E. ½ lot 3, blk 141; lot 2, blk 151, City	1 00
Elizabeth Protsbtel to A. H. Morgan et al., lot 3, Froebel, Albina	1,100 00
Delia White to H. A. Hogue, lot 5, S. ½ blk 17, City	1 00
John M. Pittenger to A. Wilmas lot 5, blk 16, Albina	250 00

DISTRIBUTION OF DEEDS.

	Deeds.	Amount.
Country	13	$ 5,015 00
City	10	82,301 00
Couch	2	4,400 00
Caruthers	3	1,888 90
East Portland	8	3,670 00
Albina	8	4,075 00
Cemetery	2	650 00
Total deeds of transfer	48	$102,713 90
Mortgages	25	53,218 90
Releases	22	53,233 59

TWO LOVES.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The woman he loved, while he dreamed of her,
Danced on till the stars grew dim:
But alone with her heart, from the world apart,
Sat the woman who loved him.

The woman he worshiped only smiled
When he poured out his passionate love,
While the other somewhere kissed her treasure
most rare—
A book he had touched with his glove.

The woman he loved betrayed his trust,
And he wore the scars thro' life;
And he cared not, nor knew, that the other was
true,
But no man called her wife.

The woman he loved trod festal halls
While they rang his funeral hymn;
But the sad bells tolled ere the year was old
O'er the woman who loved him.

"DARTHULY."

A STORY OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

BY WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

The blacksmith's shop at Hiawassee Gap was a literal cave, half way up the side of a huge cliff. Across the roaring river a still higher line of cliffs extend for a mile or so, rising perpendicularly to a dizzy height, until their corrugated brows recede into the gently swelling outlines that usually round out the more southerly summits of the Chilhomes. A narrow road twisted sinuously up the sides of the gorge to a kind of basin hollowed out of the overhanging rocks, where, beneath a beetling crag, yawned the smithy, its sides, roof and floor of nature's own carving, while its front was partially boarded with slabs from the little sawmill at the mouth of Greasy creek three miles above.

A small cabin of split logs, "daubed," and with a "stick chimney," also nestled near by amid a truck patch of half an acre, that occupied all the available space within this veritable "cro'nest" peering over the precipice, 300 feet above the little ferry and Government Still House below. A far off glimpse of the broad ridges and meadows of the Tennessee valley could be seen below the Gap, while above, a narrow vista of wild, blue mountains, seemingly tumbled one above another, bounded the view towards the east.

A spring bubbled from a cleft in the mountain side, which here burst upward into the vast precipice that lowered over the blacksmith's home. Under the hollys and oaks thereby was the smith's wife "battling" clothes upon a block, with a portion of the week's wash sprinkling the bushes around her.

Jim Cheek, her husband, a huge, slow-motioned blue-eyed giant, swung himself slowly up the trail leading from the ferry. He paused to admire his wife's plump figure and brisk, supple movements. Wonder had also mingled with his admiration ever since—two years ago—he had taken her from the great hotel at White Cliff Springs, where, though only a waitress, her airs and graces had impressed themselves upon his primitive imaginings as those of a queen in disguise. A wonder that, with her fresh, dark beauty and vivacious manners, she could have seen anything in him to love and cling to.

He knew but little of her past, nor had their wedded intimacy added much to his previous knowledge, except that she was from Nashville, that her parents were both dead, and that she—alone in the world—had drifted from one employment to another down to Chattanooga, thence to the town of Athens, and from there to her summer's berth at White Cliff. The blessed sense of relief that comes to a world tossed feminine waif, in the hope of realizing a home of her own had rendered Jim's awkward movements, bovine wit and simple ways not only endurable but attractive to her. Thus it came about that in transfixing him with wonder at his own success, she had come to share his humble lot with the same grace and vivacity that had fascinated him at the great hotel, whither the mountain folk were wont to resort in ramshackle vehicles to dispose of their poultry, butter and eggs.

How quickly she had adapted herself to the narrow, isolated existence of the mountains. "She ree'y talks jest like we 'uns," thought Jim. "She makes like us in all her belongin's, and yet somehow, she ain't nary a bit like us, after all. I wonder if bit's only a make believe, jest ter please me and that thar young 'un?"

"That thar young 'un," the visible result of their union, was a blue-eyed, brown-haired baby, scarce thirteen months old, that now lay asleep upon its mother's breast, while its mother sang to the resounding accompaniment of her paddle in a manner confirmatory of Jim's reflections:

"Some folks say the niggers won't steal,
But I ketched seven in my corn-fiel';
Run, nigger, run!
Patterol ketch you;
Run, nigger, run!
It 's almos' day."

"Durn me, how she can sing," said he to himself, as he leaned across the top rail of the fence watching her. Glancing up from her work she saw him there, and in her impulsive way dropped her gaddle and was at his side in a moment.

"Now you're at it again," said she, "you great big mountain of laziness. You've jest got to be punished right here."

The nature of the punishment belied the severity of her words, and consisted in seizing his ears, pulling his big head down to a level with her own, and planting a sounding smack upon Jim's elephantine lips.

"Who wouldn't be a loaferin in such company?" remarked the proud husband, smacking his lips like a boy over his candy. "But I'm jest pestered about ye, Darthuly. Ye never take no time to rest, once ye git started ter work. Peard like ye wuz afeered ter spell yerself."

"Listen at this yer man," she replied playfully, yet with a serious droop of her large black eyes. "Ain't ye all'ays a-hammerin' an' a-blowin' in that thar shop, and shouldn't I do my part as well? Keely, Jim, I'm a master sight better off 'er be busy, and—there's a man and horse right now at the shop door a waitin' for ye, and here ye air a courtin' me as usher."

"Hits the new gauger es comed last night ter the Still House. He wants a new shoe on his critter's off forefoot. Don't ye hurt yourself a workin', honey, jest bekase ye can."

With this chronic injunction on his lips Jim hastened to the shop. Darthuly looked after him a moment, then suffered her gaze to wander down to the brawling river below and upward along the opposite cliffs, until her eyes rested absently upon the swelling summits of the mountains. The sun shimmered upon the distant pines sharply outlined against the sky above her, while the wind, whistling down the gap from those aerial heights, toyed with her tumbled curls as its monotonous sough mingled with the roar of the waters below.

The white steam from the Still House whirled upward into invisibility against the green background of spruce and fir clinging to the cliffs. The tinkle of a cow bell floated down from unseen heights above; a large hawk hung lazily in mid air over the wildest crags. Surely, beneath the wind and the river's roar, there was a leethean glamor in the air, harmonizing the savagery of nature with the peaceful influences of the hour.

Was its charm working upon her mind as she leaned upon the fence, oblivious of her task; or had she really given heed to Jim's admonition "to be keerful" and rest? The sprightly cecision of her face had given way to an expression of gentle and regretful sadness. Once or twice she sighed, then her thoughts seemed to find a disconnected utterance.

"So good, so true, so watchful of my comfort! Why cannot I love him as he does me?"

The mountain dialect had disappeared from her lips. Its absence seemed to render her conscious of the incongruity, for in her next murmur it was resumed.

"He's just as honest and as open as daylight, while I—I have erbleeged to be just the other way." Then, as her feelings again grew more intense, she once more became natural. "God knows I don't want to be false, yet what will not a poor woman do for a home, and shelter—and love. He has given me all these, but—what have I given him in return."

There was a soft crushing of gravel behind her. She turned suddenly. A medium sized, slender young man, having crisp, brown hair, a tawny mustache, and keen, grey eyes, stood before her. As they saw each other, his carelessly polite salutation was merged in a glare of surprise, and an after smile of exultant pleasure. With a quick exclamation, she covered her face with one hand and extended the other as though to ward off his approach.

"Well, Meg," he said in a low, calculative tone, "you're about the last person I expected to meet here."

As he eyed her, the relentless composure of his smile seemed cruel in its contrast to the agitation she exhibited, as she finally gasped.

"You—you here?"

"Well, yes I'm here, and devilish surprised to run up with you, Meg. But what's your game now? Trying the virtuous dodge, eh? Making this susceptible elephant of a blacksmith your victim, I suppose."

She raised her face and confronted him with blazing eyes at this inuendo.

"No thanks to you, Dick Bufford. Think how you have served me—me! Think what I have endured because I was once weak enough to trust you."

As this confession slipped from her lips, they trembled under its influence, despite the revulsive anger with which his presence inspired her. His eye never left her face as, playing with his watch chain, he replied:

"How many had shared your love before I came along? There, there. Don't get excited. You couldn't help getting jealous, and when I left you in Atlanta, never thought we'd turn up together again on this footstool. You wouldn't let me so much as wink without a quarrel, and I finally soured on it."

"Why are you here?"

She demanded this in a quick, peremptory tone, flashing a glance towards the smithy, then fixing her eyes on his handsome, imperturbable face.

"I'm gauging for the government. Am to be here for a week. May stay longer, now I've seen you. Blame me, Meg, but mountain life agrees with you! You're prettier than ever."

In an easy, yet imperative way, which she seemed powerless to oppose, he took her dimpled chin between thumb and finger, and looked at her with a kindling light in his eyes, then released her, saying:

"I was a fool to run away from you, Meg, my girl. I'll have better sense this time."

The cry of an infant came to their ears from the holly bush by the spring. The wretched mother—roused from the spell which his manner and words had thrown over her, in spite of the reproaches she cast upon him—darted back a step with averted face, crying wildly:

"Go away from here, Dick Bufford. I am a wife and a mother. My husband works in yonder shop. You have my reputation in your power, but I say beware how you handle it. I'm a desperate woman, Dick. This is my home and shelter. You left me none when you forsook me three years ago. Oh, Dick! For God's sake spare me for—for the sake of my husband and child, if not for your own sake or mine!"

The passionate anger with which she began, melted into piteous appeal as she started toward the child. He seized her hand, whereat she stopped as though an electric shock had pervaded her system, while he said:

"D—n it, Meg! I glory in your spunk. Carry it out to suit yourself and don't fear me. I'll never peach. I was a fool ever to leave you, and I'm your friend now. Blame me! but you're the pluckiest woman in the state, and Dick Bufford is your slave."

Having thus delivered himself he let her go, and strooled back towards the shop smiling and soliloquizing:

"Meg in the respectable line! She carries it well considering its her first attempt. D—n me, but she's a thoroughbred. She must have been hard pushed though to saddle herself with this third rate pated son of Vulcan, for a—a—husband, didn't she say? Fancy Meg with a husband! And now there's a squalling brat to complicate matters. Poor thing. She's been in the work so long she's got used to this state of affairs, and thinks I'll interfere. Maybe I will. Meg, my girl, I begin to see that you're the woman for me after all. But you won't fear me when I do interfere. Oh no, I know you too well."

He entered the shop, chatted easily with honest, unsuspecting Jim until his horse was ready, then mounting, rode down the mountain side humming the threadbare air of "Sweet Violets."

Darthuly Cheek grasped her crying baby with a fierce nervousness of manner, and set soothing it mechanically. Through her mind forbidden thoughts and impulses long dormant were rising tumultuously over the contented apathy of feeling that since her marriage had superficially reigned within a heart by nature fervid, jealous, impulsive, and now, alas! rebellious against the renunciative faith wherein the purity of womanhood so often finds refuge against passion and desire. Here only audible exclamation was:

"God help me. I cannot help myself."

II.

For the next few days the course of events ran smoothly on the surface. Dick Bufford, with loquacious urbanity, soon made himself a general favorite. At the Still House a knot of admirers usually gathered round him at leisure hours, while many of his offhand sayings became as current conversational coin to be flipped from tongue to tongue, accompanied by a slow horse play of bucolic wit and laughter.

Bije Teeters, the proprietor of the Still House, "'lowed that Dick Bufford had more sense in the holler side of his noddle than all the balance of Uncle Sam's gaugers rolled into one. He's pintedly got sense enuff ter let whisky alone. Just a dram now and then, nothin' more, and bar'ls of hit a settin' round. Oh, he's a mas er man!"

The fact that a man could be a gauger and not a drunkard presented to Mr. Teeters' imagination the juxtaposition of qualities humanly recognizable only on the score of superlative abilities. Jim Cheek was so carried away by Dick's transcendent cleverness, that, when the latter in a careless way suggested boarding with him during the brief time his official duties rendered his stay imperative, our honest blacksmith assented at once.

"Don't ye bring him here," said Darthuly to her husband that night, when he announced that Bufford would bring the traps up "ter-morrer."

Jim gazed at his wife in mild-eyed astonishment, and noticed that she looked pale and worried.

"Thar now, Darthuly, ye do look pestered, but hit won't be for more nor a week. Mercy's money, these yer hard times, and I'll help ye when I can get outen the shop."

"Don' ye bring him here," she said pleadingly, placing her hands on his shoulders, and looking earnestly at him. He totally failed to comprehend the nature of her disapproval, and said mildly:

"Hit's already agreed on. I can't very well back down now. But I don't see why ye should be so pestered about it Darthuly?"

She withdrew her hands, and her great, dark eyes blazed petulantly, as she replied:

"Ef that there fuller comes here, Jim Cheek, and anything wrong comes of it—member, I've warned ye."

She withdrew abruptly to the kitchen, leaving Jim to look after her regretfully, as he scratched his head and acknowledged to himself that "women were powerful curious. A man can't jist never tell which side of the fence their a goin' to lean agin."

Bufford soon made himself quite as much at home there as he had elsewhere. Darthuly avoided him, seldom speaking to him, except when necessary; a state of things which he ignored, by treating her with systematic deference and politeness. This became grateful to her, in its very contrast to the boorish absence of courtesy prevalent among the mountaineers. Even Jim, with the kindest of hearts, had few of the minor urbanities of manner, that so smooth social intercourse under favorable circumstances. He was loving and true, yet he never handed her a chair, or offered to get water, or deferred gracefully to her varied whim as Bufford constantly did, regardless of her cold indifference or studied ignoring of his civilities.

"Why Darthuly," said Jim one day, when they two were alone, "I reely can't see what ye mean by snubbin' the granger so, like your allays doin."

Her only reply was to raise to his her wonderful eyes, their clear depths troubled by a sadness now habitual to them. As he looked, a slight blush appeared on her cheek and she withdrew her gaze, but said nothing. Indeed she moved, as she herself felt, like one in a dream, dreading to awake, yet palsied by the helplessness that was upon her.

Dick petted the spoiled baby, allowing it to pull his hair and slobber over him with a jovial placidity that caused Mrs. Cheek to eye him furtively when she was not observed. He said no more to her of their mysterious past, and she felt grateful for his forbearance. Yet, one morning, while Jim was clinking away at the shop, as he sat playing with the child, he looked up suddenly, and detected her watching him intently.

"Ah, Meg, Meg," he said, in a new and tender tone, "to think of you with a baby like this, gets away with me—"

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He realized his power, and mercilessly used it; but at the first touch of his hot lips upon her own, she sprang from him, plucked her baby from his lap, rushed into the house, shut the door and locked it.

He sat for awhile gazing at the opposite cliff, frowning in silent disapproval—unconscious of their meaning and indifferent to their eternal calm. Then he got up, strolled past the shop, and on down to the Still House, humming softly to himself:

"I'll await my love,
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A week passed. In a day or two more Bufford was to leave. The great hotel at White Cliff had opened for the season.

Jim Cheek started for there one sunny a with a load of eggs, butter and "gyarden truck."

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"Thar, now, Darthuly. You git right back ter the house and lay down awhile. Git Jane Teeters ter he'p ye cook, and let that thar washin' alone outwell I gits back."

Thus soothing and petting her, yet puzzled in mind, though utterly unsuspicious of the real cause of her agitation, he finally got away, leaving her standing on a projecting rock, gazing with tear blinding eyes after him.

"Be back to-day?" queried Bufford from the Still House door, as he passed.

"Reckon not. The steers caint hardly make bit in a day."

He crossed the river on the flat, and as his wagon disappeared round a bold bend of the cliff, he, following behind, looked back. His wife still stood upon the rock, her baby playing at her feet, and her bright calico dress fluttering in the breeze blowing down sweet and cool from the mountains.

The memory of that fair vision was all that remained to him of her,—except the child,—for eight long years.

He returned on the following day to a ruined and deserted home. Dick Bufford and Darthuly had disappeared. There was a motherless babe crying about the bed—a scrap of paper left upon the table, telling him that he had no wife, that she had gone with another, that she was sorry but could not help it; that he must regard her as one dead, that he would care for the child, for its own sake if not for hers, whose heart was deservedly breaking, that her past life had been impure, that she had deceived yet had believed she loved him, until the tempter came clothed with the power and glamor of a former triumph over her youthful trust and love, to lure her back to sin and ruin.

When he at last arose crushed, miserable, yet dumbly patient, he threw the wretched apology into the fire, and gathered his babe in his arms, soothed it through the night, while fighting off by grim endurance his own pain until morning came again.

Silently he endured the flow of neighborly comment and consolation, and quietly he went about his double duties with a stoicism apparently untouched by tenderness, except when alone with his child.

He never inquired after or searched for the guilty couple, nor were their names ever mentioned by him. The past, as far as she was associated with it in his memory, was dead. His great struggle with himself for months was to make the sorrow and his shame subserve the welfare of his child, until the pure indifference born of duty done should reward his lacerated heart with a lasting peace.

IV.

How weary are the years of enforced resignation and suppressed desire, that span the arid plains between the few real oases of our lives. Those scant, brief periods of fulfillment, when heart and soul revel in the joy of earthly fruition, come to many, like drops of water upon a tongue parched by an unquenchable thirst. Yet it is the self-denials of our lives that chiefly render our place in the world endurable to others.

The sun did not cease to shine because of Jim Cheek's affliction. As soon as he realized that the earth remained unchanged, the isolation of his own change inspired him to work and toil on and gave no sign.

So the seasons came and went, and as his little girl grew, his heart expanded. She had been called Darthuly Ann. Jim quietly dropped the former name, and in time, little Ann Cheek became known all round Hiawassee Gap, as "jist the sweetest and purtiest young un in the settlement." She had reddish, brown eyes and brown hair, with an added tinge of gold, as though the last, faint flush of a dying sunset had found refuge there.

The clink, clink of the blacksmith's hammer rose over the roar of the river winter and summer. People crossing the ferry at night the light of his cabin fire, far up the obscure mountain wall, flashing down upon them like the twinkle of an inaccessible star. The inscrutable frown of the cliffs lowered over them clad as of old in the ever alternating garb of the seasons.

The child developed like the unfolding of a double rose, and Jim found the many quirks and oddities of the juvenile mind a never failing source of wonder. Though his understanding was limited, his faith in the feminine capacity for surprise was unbounded. Little Ann's brisk, vivacious prattle, and cunningly unique ways, became to him the most deliciously incomprehensible muddle in the world.

At ten years of age she had assumed such charge of his ungainly person and simple habits that, in his own mind, he hardly knew where it is own obedience began or her playfully precocious authority ended. There was such a harmonious reversal of their mental relations towards each other, that Jim often averred that:

"Ef it hat thar young un didn't shoe the hosses and p'int the plows, hit weren't because she couldn't or dasn't."

The vulgar associations connected with the Still House shrank from her approach, as the foul exhalations of a dungeon yield to the pure influx of the outer air. As years advanced, Jim himself became chafier of their evil influence, feeling instinctively the unsullied guardianship of his child hovering around him.

In summer time when he went to the railroad towns, or to the great hotel at White Cliff, with better, eggs and garden truck, she always accompanied him. A sultry day in August found them at the latter place.

Having disposed of their produce, Jim was talking to a group of sportsmen, who desired a guide to some hunting grounds in the Tellico mountains, when a waiter called him to one side and said that a lady guest of the hotel wished to see him.

"What's little Ann?" quoth Jim, not seeing his child around.

"She's with the lady, sah," said the waiter. "Las' door at the far end of this long piazza. Bettah hurry, sah. Lady powful anxshus to see you."

"Wants ter see me bad, does she?" muttered Jim, slouching along towards the door in question. "Tain't often that these yer big folks gits in that way about Jim Cheek. I her erbleeged ter think she'll find she's barkin' up the wrong tree, after all."

The door stood open. Jim cleared his throat, pulled off his ragged hat and entered the room saying:

"Yer I be, maam. What kin I do for you?"

He paused open-mouthed; for, seated on a sofa in the richly furnished room, was a fashionably dressed lady with her arms around Ann,—his little Ann,—in an attitude of undisguised emotion and endearment, to which the child submitted with evident wonder and reluctance. She now broke loose from the woman and ran to Jim, exclaiming:

"Pap, oh, pap! She called me in, and she says she knows we 'uns. She says she's my mammy; but I jest know she ain't, for I ain't got nary mammy, have I pap?"

The lady rose hurriedly. In her manner embarrassment and wistful eagerness strongly contended. Her dark, splendid, mature beauty shone out from the quiet elegance of her attire, like a ruby above its golden setting. Jewels sparkled on her fingers, and her dress was of Parisian origin. From beneath a hat that was a trophy of the milliner's art, rich tresses of wavy black hair escaped in that charmingly disordered profusion which is now the type of the highest art.

Jim dropped his hat and stood the embodiment of awkward stupefaction, with little Ann clinging to his legs, and looking round at the strange lady, who quickly recovering herself, passed behind them and closed the door. Jim picked up his hat.

Then the lady placed one hand on Jim's ragged shoulder, as he rubbed his head helplessly, and gazed upon his weather-beaten features long and earnestly.

"Jim!"

Her voice had the clear, wonderful ring, as of old, to which was added that perfection of accent which social polish gives.

"Jim Cheek, do you know me?"

With a great effort Jim again brought his eyes to bear upon this vision of beauty. As comprehension began to dawn upon his slow moving intellect, his gaze grew steadier, but there was no answering tenderness or eager acknowledgment foreshadowed therein.

"Don't you remember me, Jim Cheek?"

"Wa, I reckon I do now. You air the woman es runn'd off with Dick Bufford."

She cowered for an instant, and removed her hand from his shoulder. He mechanically brushed the spot, while his face gradually hardened. The splendor of her appearance was that of too different a world from his own to enthrall him now.

"He is dead," she murmured; then, clasping her hands, she exclaimed passionately, "Oh Jim, I want my child, my only child!"

"*Your* child? Wal, I reckon you don't mean thish yer little gal fur ef you do, you air a liarin' under a small mistake. She ain't your child now, whatever she mout her been once."

Little Ann, having possessed herself of one of Jim's hands, looked from one to the other in childish bewilderment. She was baretooted, yet neatly clad in striped linsey, with long, tumbled hair falling upon her shoulders. The lady's face flushed, then grew slowly pale, as she realized that all her beauty and luxury made no impression upon the man she had once deserted.

"Jim," she again began. "I don't defend myself. My life was all wrong, even before I met you, and I deceived and wronged you most of all. But I didn't know myself; I couldn't help doing as I did. He—made me do it. He ruled me. But, oh! how I have repented, even before his death. Amidst his wealth—for we went to Colorado, and he made money there—I became wretched. My heart went back to my child—my only child."

"I know'd—after what had happened—I know'd in reason you could n't hev keered much for me. I all'awy wondered how ye cum to keer fur me at all, for I aint much to keer fur nohow. But little Ann—she's defen'nt of course."

Jim allowed his fingers to close over the child's small hands fondly, then he resumed:

"She keers fur me, don't ye, honey. But I'm a-fearin' she caint under the peculyer circumstances partikler y keer fur both on us, to onct, like."

Here Jim straightened himself and looked full at his former wife unflinchingly. Could she, now standing before him, clad, as it were, in purple and fine linen, with a delicate perfume exhaling from her presence over his unaccustomed senses—could she be—his faithless Darthuly? He knew it must be so, yet the realization seemed impersonal and vague.

"At first I didn't care much for you," she said. "I wanted shelter and a home so badly. My life had been a hard one. But your love and kindness soon made me care for you. If *he* had not come back, all would have been well. But he—he—I—" she blushed and hesitated under the stringency of her self-impelled confession—"he had met and deceived me before you knew me. I cannot explain, but somehow I could not resist his power. But I have repented—indeed I have repented!"

She hid her face in her hands, while little Ann, shrank from the vehemence of the stranger lady's actions and words. Jim's eyes wandered from her dress and jewelry to the big Saratoga trunks against the wall, and around the luxurious appointments of the room.

"Does these yer fixins," he asked, blunt'y, "and all yer fine dressin' and ways and sech come of Dick Bufford's money he left ye?"

She appeared not to hear him, but, as he repeated the question, her hands fell and a look of confusion appeared on her face.

"People are obliged to have money in this world," she replied, almost doggedly.

"We'uns yer in the mountains gits along on powerful leetle," said he. "But air ye a-usein' of his money now?"

"Yes, Jim, I am. He has gone where he'll never need money again—"

"If he ain't in h—ll he ought ter be!" interrupted he, emphatically. "And was you a goin' ter tempt me and Ann with some of the cussed stuff, too?"

Gazing him there, she felt that all the power and pleasure her wealth had invoked to appease the deep longings of her heart towards her husband and child were rising as a curse to still further separate her from her desire. Had she not dreamed fondly of how this money would relieve their wants, expand and minister to their crude enjoyment? Had she not planned how—in a new land unhaunted by the past—this same money should gild the path of forgiveness and forgetfulness with ease and pleasure, until conscience slumbered, love renewed itself, and retribution were forgotten?

Yet here was Jim—poor, simple, honest Jim—repulsing the golden bribe, which she had felt caught to bridge the chasm of shame, yawning between their honorable poverty and her own repugnant splendor. There is nothing so inaccessible as virtue under certain contingencies. Clothe it in rags, pinch it with penury, grind it beneath a worldly scorn, yet its hollow eyes and wasted features illumine the vale of humility like diamonds in the mire, gleaming unsullied from out the filth of their surroundings upon the spurious glitter, that envys through all its false exultation, the purity no tongue can smirch and from which it stands forever barred.

She did not reply at once. Jim, totally unawed as yet, bitched at his "galluses," and went through sundry awkward movements for no apparent cause whatever.

"Who is she, pap?" whispered Ann, who had interposed Jim's body between herself and the object of her curiosity.

"Wall, honey," said Jim, slightly embarrassed by the directness of the inquiry. "This yer lady is—she—wal, hit seems like she was once—"

"Child, I am your mother—your own only mother, as I told you before," exclaimed the woman. Then, with sudden abandon, she clasped little Ann's face between her hands and kissed her once, twice, thrice. The child shrank back frightened, while Jim coolly interposed his own bulk between them saying:

"Thar now, thar. Ann's ways and mine air turrible defer ant from yourn now, and we mout as well git outen yer. You hev got your money, and little Ann and me hev concluded that we jist p'intedly don't want any smidgeon on it."

"But Jim, Jim, think what money can do. I want your love. I want my child's love. I don't deserve it, but my heart yearns for you both. And—and I can make your hard lives so easy and pleasant, now. It is all yours—"

"That thar'll do, now." It is noticeable that while she called him Jim repeatedly he never mentioned her name. "We're purty poor, me and Ann, but we're honest, and we hev got a little mite of pride left yet. Ye needn't loom off any more on that subject, I reckon. Ye did your level best ter bodaciously ruin both on us, but the good Lord ho'ped us ter git through somehow. We'uns hain't got nary grudge agin ye, yet we p'intedly caint take up with your projeck."

A momentary silence ensued, while the man and woman surveyed each other. In the long suffering blacksmith's eyes the wife read no answering tenderness to the seductive appeal that glistened in her own. Then gradually came the conviction that all those years of neglect and quenched forever the old love, and hardened patience into indifference. His daughter—their daughter—now monopolized the place in his affections which she had thrown away, and to that daughter, for whose love she now yearned, she must remain a stranger. Her fatal beauty, her ill-gotten wealth, her accomplishments, her position—all spurious, treacherous—the seductive glitter of a living lie—recoiled from the honesty of their simple poverty. The very innocence of their ignorance protected them.

As she realized the futility of her efforts her heart sank within her. The longing that had brought her two thousand miles to repair the past was merged in a greater pain than any that had yet come to her. But the pride she had long nursed came to her assistance now. She resolved to show her weakness no more, where humility invoked only reproach. Her gaze grew cold and collected, and she withdrew a step as she said, indifferently:

"Well, sir! you doubtless know what is best for yourself and—our child. I feel that I have no right to insist on anything that is repugnant to you. Believe one thing though; it was not for myself alone that I have offered you wealth and ease, but," her lip would quiver though she bit it fiercely, "it was to make amends to you for the sake of her."

She pointed to little Ann. Jim became embarrassed, though he knew not why. While he stood fumbling at his hat, the lady, with a sudden movement kissed the child, and as Jim was about to speak said hurriedly:

"Say no more. I cannot bear it. Leave me. If you are ever in trouble and need money—for her—here is an address where you can always obtain it while I have it. Go—now, please."

She pointed rather imperiously towards the door. Jim hesitated, cleared his throat, spit recklessly on the carpet—then took Ann's hand, saying:

"Less go, honey. She air right. Hit air the best all round, I reckon." Then to his wife: "Don't think as I ain't pestered about ye, or that we'uns wishes you any harm. But I jist can't hope doin what I believe ter be right—I jist can't hope it. Good-bye, Darthuly."

It was the first time he had called her by name. She almost broke down, and motioned for them to go, which they did, Jim leading little Ann, who still looked back uncomprehendingly.

As the door closed behind them the wretched wife and mother stood like one in a trance, until the scrambling echo of their footsteps had ceased to sound along the piazza; then, with a long, tremulous moan, she sank to the floor and buried her face in her arms upon the sofa. There were no sobs, no tears—only low moans that finally subsided into silence.

In an hour came the summons to dinner. She rose, dressed herself with care, and glided into the great dining hall, a vision of cold, purest and indifferent loveliness. By the next afternoon the "rich Colorado widow" was gone. Some said back to Pueblo, others to the White Sulphur springs; others to this place or that. No one seemed to know, and soon no one cared.

Meanwhile Jim trudged on home beside his steers, with little Ann coiled up in the hay at the bottom of the wagon.

"Pap!" said she, after an hour or so of silence, "Pap, who is that thar fine lady? I jist know I haven't got nary mother, hev I, pap?"

Jim flicked his goad gently over the high steers' horns before he replied, reflectively:

"Wal, no, I reely can't pintedly jest say es you hev honey—and yet—"

Jim hesitated, and Ann again asked:

"Wal, pap, who is she after all?"

"Durned if I can tell ye, child."

And he never did.—[Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

SORROW.

BY ELLEN W. CAREY.

Dark are the gloomy cypress trees,
Where black-tailed sorrow sits alone;
Deep falls the night, and at her feet
The beating sea makes ceaseless moan.

Her hand is on the harp of life,
The quivering heart-strings sound the notes,
And clear the plaintive melody
Across the heavy silence floats.

Joy's bu

Nerbudda. "Damn it!" said
...you wait a minute?
...the devil alone knows
...and the dead." Why didn't you stop
...driven right shoulder on to us,
...could have all given it to
...mangy brute anyhow, as all
...toothless man-eaters are, and
...have had his skin who cared!
...There's the death shot. There's
...left. Let's get down from
...the river. I've
...down close by. Come on.
But, for heaven's
...to lose. But, for heaven's
...in such an infernal
...spoil our sport irre-
...Poor Whitby explained that
...that for the life of him he
...the temptation of shooting
...crouched there snarling,
...and blinking its green and
..."Well, don't do it
...Barton, and we scrambled
...bluff to the river that flowed
...ironically below us.

...the sacred rivers
...as the Ganges is to Bengal and
...provinces, as the Krishna is to
...presidency, the Indus to the
...the Nerbudda to the central
...and the northwestern part of
...reached its brink, where it
...between perpendicular walls
...hundreds of men, women and
...bathing in the shallows. They
...farther, for the river is
...with alligators, called by the na-
...Lying in the middle of the
...could see small black excrescences
...like logs. Every one of
...to the presence of an alliga-
...rise to the surface, and exposing
...prominence of its serrated
...slipped into our boats, Burton
...the foremost one, and or-
...native oarsmen to pull up stream
...and buckwheats. On we sped
...the sandy walls of rock and upon
...water as clear and limpid as
...brook. Had it been possible to
...we could have done so, but
...has such a remarkable depth
...points that we could see nothing
...protracted and broken skim-
...cars away down in the depths.
...river bed narrowed, and a
...marvellous beauty presented
...us. Rising 150 feet on
...the celebrated Marble Rocks,
...ing of by Hindoo poets and
...by every traveler who has ever
...Seen in the cold light of the
...inspire paradisiacal dreams of
...silence; seen under the ruddy
...descending sun they gleam like
...exhibiting the tender pink of
...gone, now glittering with an ame-
...and now exposing a lilac
...into the whiteness of alabaster.
...was attracted by strange look-
...ing trunks that hung pendulous on
...the crags. "Those," remarked
...the nests of wild bees. Do not
...a whisper, or you are liable to
...for here they are accustomed
...of death. Of death," he re-
...a moment's silence, "of death."
...something uncanny and weird
...repetition of our leader. Pres-
...right bank there arose a tre-
...It was our boaters. Look-
...held a sight as unforgettable as
...fascinating and unique. Limned
...the sky, with a profile as distinct as
...of an old master, stood the man-
...was lashing his tail and glance-
...the array of boaters and then
...us. Forgetful of his own
...preserve utter silence be-
...the Marble Rocks, Barton stood
...the boat, drew his rifle to his
...took a steady aim and fired. We
...report into the air. We heard
...the shot echo and re-echo with
...a battery of artillery from wall
...to wall of the river. Then suddenly the air
...and became filled with an inde-
...scribable humming and buzzing. "The
...bees!" shouted Barton, "leap
...for your lives, gentlemen, and dive!"
...before we had time to comprehend
...the slang in innumerable places
...lands and face, and in almost na-
...desperation I leaped overboard.
...under the water till my breath was
...A cloud of bees descend-
...my head and I dived again.
...eternities passed before me as I
...and dived mechanically. When I
...lying in the midst of a group
...who were applying all the
...remedies they knew. When I
...sufficiently recovered I asked for my
...companion and was informed that all but
...had escaped. But one was Barton.
...had become entangled among the ropes
...of the boat. He leaped overboard, but he
...hampered to swim and dive as the
...of his bad dog. The bees settled in
...upon his face and head every time
...appeared. At length, exhausted with
...he sank below Nerbudda's tranquil
...His body was recovered three days
...later, swirling in a pool beyond the
...of the Marble Rocks. Poor fellow,
...had died a thousand deaths before
...stretched forth her hands and re-
...him into her ample and pain-forget-
...bosom.

...mound on the eastern bank of the
...Ross now rests a square stone tomb-
...the simple inscription that Mr.
...Barton had been a good man and
...faithfully, and had lost his life in
...through an appalling acci-
...every year it is visited by a dark-
...woman, who places a few
...upon it, and murmurs, "He was
...He gave me backsheesh when
...I saw the cloud, but could
...away from his face." People
...insane. Her own simple folks
...which endowed with the gods'
...said she is.

...Fred's fatal shot
...and the coolies on the rail-
...thanks in their rude
...the removal of the scourge. A
...narrator showed me, years after-
...tolerance, which Bartonsent off
...large utterances of the little Hin-
...seller. It read: "Dear mother,
...present. God bless you all.
...Calicos. My will is with Mr.
...of York."—[Copyright. All

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

How to Prevent Poverty, Pauperism and Crime.

Continuation of Mr. Robert H. Wilson's Lecture before the Social Science Association.

THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

We shall very frequently find that an obstacle in the way of helping the poor is a deeply rooted prejudice against certain classes of work: notably that of domestic service. The newspapers continually point out the error made by many in preferring wretched wages, long hours, hard work, and semi-starvation, as shop-girls or seamstresses, to good wages, food and home; easier hours and work, with kind treatment as cooks and housemaids. (I can not refrain from here mentioning the good work done by THE OREGONIAN in so perseveringly pointing out the true state of the case in this connection.) But the question for each of us to consider is: how can I help to set these people right? I think there are two very important ways in which we can help to do this. First, in treating all domestic servants, whether our own or those of our neighbors, with the same respect that we would did they occupy any other position in society. And second, in showing by our example that we do not consider the labor they are employed in as degrading. We should always be willing to lend a hand when needed, and that cheerfully, whatever the character of the work our dependents and subordinates may be employed upon.

The system that is known still in country places as "help," where a young woman of the same class and education as those employing her, is treated as a member of the family, and paid for assisting the other members in the performance of their domestic duties, is a system that can not be too highly commended. It is perhaps too much to expect, in our artificial city life, but the tendency of living in the household should be in the direction of some such ideal. There is no necessary reason why work of this character should be considered any more degrading when performed by the hired assistant or servant, than when performed by the lady of the house. And in this country it frequently happens that the servant or help is the equal, and sometimes the superior in education and refinement to the mistress of the house. In such cases it is very hard to see why she should be treated with less respect; for when we so treat her are we not admitting that wealth, solely as wealth, is meritorious. And such an admission is not merely false, but most pernicious. For once admit this proposition and it will soon follow that we lose sight of the means by which wealth is acquired, and may thus learn to respect dishonesty while we despise courageous virtue. But to return to the subject, for I find myself digressing. We claim that the labor of the domestic servant is as honorable as that of the young lady who serves in the store or makes bonnets and dresses. Let us be sure that we, who claim this, act as though we honestly believed our assertions. For, if we treat the girl who takes a position as a domestic servant differently from the one who serves behind the counter, or sews for a living, we shall ourselves be guilty of the very folly that we are so constantly laying to the doors of those who prefer poorer wages and harder work in the shop than a good home, higher wages and lighter work in the family.

There is not one of us who, if we try, can not make domestic service not merely a much more sought after occupation, but a really more pleasant and desirable one.

JUSTICE TO THE POOR.

Another way in which many of us can help the poor, and thereby prevent them from falling into greater poverty, is to see that they obtain their rights. The poor are far too frequently imposed upon; cheated out of their wages; made to pay unjust claims, and taxed out of proportion to their richer brethren; submitting to such injustice either from the lack of means to obtain what is due them, or from a lack of knowledge as to the methods by which to get redress.

Often the case is this: A poor man has money owing to him for labor performed; he asks for it, until tired of wasting his time, he gives up in despair. He is quite angry enough, and justly angry too, to sue, but he can not afford to to spend $10 to collect $5. He would like to, but finds, as he looks upon his wife and children, his love stronger than his anger. Now is our chance to spend some of our money wisely. I am not partial to litigation, and very seldom recommend it; but it strikes me that this is a capital opportunity to employ some needy legal friend, (and you will most experience any great difficulty in finding one.)

Every case where a man who would take such mean advantage of his poorer fellow citizen is made to pay his just debt, and in addition well taxed with costs, is not only a help to the individual receiving his just due, but to every poor man in the community. In all such cases there is plenty of opportunity to help, afforded both to those who have money and such as possess knowledge.

TRAMPS.

Another way in which we can help with money (and that without any expense to ourselves) is to keep it firmly in our pockets when asked for it by tramps and strangers. This is a truly negative method of helping; but, strange to say, it is probably one of the strongest single methods that we can adopt towards the prevention of poverty, pauperism and crime. For this gift of money to tramps and strangers is one of the most prolific causes of these three evils, tending to discourage industry and perseverance, and to create and foster idleness and lying, as well as drunkenness, with all its possible attendant crimes. Nothing should be given by the private citizen to the street beggar or tramp, neither money, food nor clothing; nothing until a sufficient, and a fully sufficient, amount of work has been performed to fairly earn the assistance asked for. But a patient hearing of the case should be given and the beggar referred to a proper officer. It is a matter of the most rare occurrence—indeed, it may almost be said that it never occurs—that such worthy of the assistance asked for, or whom such assistance would prove a true service, asks for money, food or clothing in the street or from house to house. The more there is given in this way the more tramps there will be; the more drunkenness; the more robberies, with violence, burglaries and other crimes. A community liberal in the matter of such giving is sure speedily to become the headquarters of indolence, vagrancy and crime. Those who have traveled in Europe are almost if not quite unanimous in commenting on the terrible effects of the encouragement of beggars by such gifts in certain European cities, notably those of Italy. It is a sad truth (but a truth, nevertheless,) that suffering is more beautiful to some than food and clothing; and in any system of helping the indigent care should be taken to foster, not only industry, but also independence. It is very necessary to avoid interference with the natural laws of rewards and punishments. It is well that all should learn that industry is a virtue and idleness a vice; and natural laws will teach this most effectively, if not too rudely interfered with.

The aim of this paper has been to suggest some thoughts relating to individual power in the prevention of poverty, pauperism and crime. The subject is too vast for anything more than suggestion. But I should be altogether negligent of one of the most obvious means by which individual assistance can be rendered, were I to omit that of the relation of the individual to institutions.

INSTITUTIONS.

We are too apt to talk of institutions as though they possessed life of their own apart from that of the individuals organizing and managing them. Let us then remember that the life is and must be in the individual. The institution can do nothing except by and through the effort of individuals. That means by the effort of you and me. We are too ready to say "this is work for institutions and not for individuals." "I am quite powerless." And so endeavor to shirk our responsibility. We admit that a society should be formed, but allege that we have no duty in the matter. Yes we have! If the society should and can be formed, it is our duty to see that it is formed.

Yes, we talk of institutions, as though they had nothing to do with individual effort. But, after all, institutions are the result of individual effort; and are successful in the degree in which individuals, intelligently, faithfully and perseveringly labor.

If I see a thing that should be done, it is my duty to see that it is done. Of course I must first make sure that it should be done, and as certain the proper way of doing it. Not acting like cousin James Ella, of whom Charles Lamb makes Ella say: "But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut out an equivocal figure!" But acting with patient and intelligent care and with the full exercise of all my faculties.

INSTITUTIONS DEPEND ON INDIVIDUAL FIDELITY AND WATCHFULNESS.

In the formation and carrying on of institutions the fact that success must after all depend upon individual exertion should never be lost sight of. And failure is frequently the result of a withdrawal by those under whose directing care such a fair start was made, of all further personal interest. But it is safe, both in humanitarian measures as well as in mechanics, to assume that it is beyond the power of mortals to so set a thing going that its continued and perfect motion can be relied upon after all supervision has been removed. And yet there are many who act as though it is only necessary to found an institution or secure the passage of a law in order to reorganize society. They create without ever troubling their minds about the preservation of their creations. By such people institutions are incorporated with the greatest care. A sufficient endowment is secured. Proper buildings are erected. An elaborate constitution is adopted. Suitable by-laws are drawn up. Officers are elected and inmates secured. There is a grand opening day, with music by the band (and much more music by the chin); flowers from the conservatories, some feasting and still more speech-making. This is followed by full accounts in the papers of all that has been, and is yet to be, done. Then the plod, plod of daily life begins, with its "Mantelini" grind. There is the publication of the annual report, a copy of which is sent to all the promoters; some of whom may find time to glance over it. But the energy and living interest have ceased. It was necessary to find paid officials to carry out the work, and the whole business was turned over to them; yes, everything was turned over to them; everything except the love, the earnest, despairing, self-denying sympathy for suffering humanity that stirred the hearts of the promoters to found the institution and that, not being able to part with, they employed to found another institution to be turned over to others in like manner. Better by far, having started the machine, to stand by and keep it in good running order; for there is certainly no one so well fitted for the task as the master whose heart suggested, whose brain invented and whose hands put the parts together.

Here then is individual effort necessary for the inception, promotion and carrying on of institutions. It is an individual who first conceives the idea of founding or organizing an institution. It is an individual who gives utterance and publicity to the conception. It is an individual who brings others together and who leads them to unity of purpose. And it is the effort of individuals thus united that secures accomplishment and continued success.

I am to do my part—to do it in any event—and having done it, and continuing faithfully to do it, I am to stimulate Brown, Jones and Robinson to do theirs. But I must be sure to do mine. It will not do because there are many of us who have agreed to act together that each should leave his part to be performed by the others. Suppose a company of actors advertised to play "Othello" each left his part for the others to look after, would not the performance be sure of success? Let us each take care that in the matter of institutions of which we are members there are no leaking our parts to be played for us. Institutions need men, more than our money; they need our watchful care. And any of us who have leisure can make ourselves self-constituted inspectors of institutions. And public institutions would be greatly benefited by a more extended outside interest thus being taken in their workings.

The revival and reformation of dying institutions and institutions that have outlived their usefulness affords further scope for our individual effort; and let us remember that a successfully reformed institution is often better than an entirely new one, for the former has an experience of failure, if nothing else, and this may be valuable.

Much can frequently be done by calling attention to abuses and short-comings in the press. (Our Oregon jails present a fine field for labor in this department.) But to be serviceable the motive must be to secure reformation, and not a spirit of fault-finding. Such work must be performed most delicately, remembering that rough treatment frequently instead of reforming the abuse only confirms the erring in their errors.

While speaking of the connection of institutions with individuals, I cannot abstain from calling your attention to a direction in which it appears to me there is scope for important action.

We have already seen that every idle member in the community is a drain on its wealth, while every member whose labor is rightly directed is a means of increasing that wealth.

FREE INTELLIGENCE BUREAUS.

It follows of necessity then, that it is most important that every idle member of society shall be furnished with work. In this connection let me read you an extract relating to the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism" in Boston. Speaking of the success of the society, the extract reads: "It has maintained an intelligence bureau on the most generous scale, with correspondence extending all over the nation, and this without any charge either to employers or employed.

"Such an arrangement as this is essential if we are to have any high civilization. You must be able to put the round peg in the round hole, and the square peg in the square hole. It should be remembered that there is in truth no such thing as a surplus of labor in the world. If there exists a glut in any one place, it is simply that the people in that place do not know where they are wanted, and the people who want them do not know they are there." This is what Boston does and says. And this is what we want to do. There should be an officer in every town in the state whose duty it should be to keep a record of those needing and those seeking employment, so that any one should be able, without charge, to have his wants in this respect made known.

I say without charge, because it is of the utmost importance to the public welfare that those wants should be made known, and those seeking help and those seeking work be brought together, and therefore everything tending to promote this result should be done. For the present this work might be performed by county judges (and in other places than county seats by city recorders or justice of the peace), the officers being paid for their labor out of the public purse. It seems to me that such officers should also have the power to furnish temporary work (at say half the market rate of pay) in such cases where such provision might be deemed necessary. And in all cases to furnish temporary assistance of food, bath and lodging, when called upon, such assistance to be paid for by the applicant in labor, and the officer furnishing such assistance to be enabled to enforce this payment by a system of punishments for non-compliance with the demand for such payment. Such work as wood-sawing, where the quality of labor performed can be measured, is to be preferred. Then to the law providing for this should be added a sound vagrancy law, with sufficiently severe penalties for its violation. Work should be supplied and no begging be permitted. It appears to me almost impossible to over estimate the importance of the establishment of such a system, to consist, first, in the establishment of a place where both those seeking work and those needing laborers can register their wants within it charge; and second, a place where those in need can always obtain the necessaries of life at a somewhat advanced cost, by payment in labor; and third, the punishment of idleness, by fine, to be paid by labor upon begging rather than working. The reason why furnishing temporary work by the officer less than the market value of such labor should be paid is to prevent laborers from applying for such employment unless absolutely compelled to do so, for it must be remembered that the object of the system is to put the square peg in the square hole and the round peg in the round hole, and this can only be done through the free information department. Besides we must endeavor to interfere as little as possible with the law of supply and demand.

Pending the establishment of such institution we can each do something towards bringing the two classes (those seeking labor and those needing laborers) together. A place can be set apart in our pocket-books for the entry of those needing help and those needing work, with their respective wants and addresses, and by a little healthy pedestrian exercise or practice in penmanship the right peg can often be fitted in its appropriate place.

Other means by which we can do something towards the prevention of these three great evils are to be found in conveying information to the poor in relation to the sanitary condition of their homes and the best means of purchasing and preparing food. Much crime, especially drunkenness, results from ill health caused by unhealthy homes and insufficient or inappropriate food. Yet other means are to be found in the establishment of public libraries, bath-rooms, laundries and like institutions.

And there is one way at least (where much can be done by single individuals) in starting superior boarding-houses where clean beds, cheerful sitting-room, with bathing accommodation and good wholesome food are to be had at a cost such as workingmen are able to pay. They should not be started or talked about as charities, but should be made to pay expenses. One way in which this might frequently be done is as follows: You know of some good housekeeper and cook (with a family) that you are desirous of assisting. She cannot go out to work (and look after her children) and has not means to start a business. Make her acquainted with what you wish to accomplish and give her a start. Many a lady of refinement, without means, would be glad of such opportunity of supporting herself in independence, while devoting her life to doing good.

BETTER HOMES.

Of course drunkenness is a cause, and a great cause of poverty, pauperism and crime; but if we would stay drunkenness, we must go a step further than the adoption of legislative measures and search for and abate its causes. Believe me, a large amount of the drinking done by young unmarried men results from the want of pleasant and comfortable homes.

As a rule, all that the average workingman gets by way of a home is a place to eat and another place to sleep. Hotel or boarding house is much the same. There is the dining-room only open at meal times, and the bedroom without any fire, and if he is in a hotel, the office is where he can sit around the stove. Comfort there is none. No cheery welcome no kind sympathy, no quiet place to read or write. Is it any wonder that the man seeks the saloon?

Any one starting a better class of boarding-house for laboring men and mechanics must do much to prevent the three evils we are considering to-night.

But in whatever we do we shall encounter many difficulties, and there will be damnations as the most thorough attention to that which we have undertaken, and we shall need much determination, energy and perseverance. We shall be often discouraged, frequently have to change or modify our methods, for the subject is one of the most complicated, involving as it does, the profoundest of all scientific observation, that of the study of human nature.

Of one thing we may be assured, that nothing or next to nothing will be accomplished unless we are thoroughly determined to be fair disinterested and unprejudiced. We must be firmly resolved to know and admit the truth. We must put ourselves in the poor man's place, in the pauper's place, in the criminal's place, and study them from their own point of view. We must acquire a philosophical spirit and an unruffled manner.

ARE ANY CASES HOPELESS?

There are many who say that nothing can be done for old paupers and criminals, but all effectual work must be done with the rising generation. And while I believe the comprehensive and proper education of the young to be by far the most important means by which poverty, pauperism and crime may be prevented and that the carrying out of a thorough and universal system of compulsory and correct education may almost, if not altogether, prevent these evils in the future, I declare it to be false that nothing can be done for adult pauperism and crime. Let those who think otherwise go to the library rooms of this city and read the life and works of Count Rumford, and see what he did toward the suppression as well as the prevention of pauperism and crime in Bavaria; and we may find in what Professor Tyndall says of this wonderful American, in relation to this very work: "Precepts he knew, were vain, so his aim was to establish habits. Reversing the maxim that people must be virtuous to be happy, he resolved on making happiness a stepping stone to virtue." And again, "This pauper workhouse was self-supporting, while its inmates were thus given the means of enjoying life." I say that we may find in what John Tyndall says of your illustrious countryman, some of the causes of his great success.

No one can safely conclude that there is any human being beyond the power of improvement; and we may rest assured that when we fail of success it is because we have not made ourselves sufficiently conversant with the subject; because we have added enough perseverance, or from some of our own failings.

To show you what can be done (where there is the will) by persistent perseverance, where the case would appear entirely hopeless, I could wish that time allowed me by reading to you a paper read in 1885 before the national conference of charities and corrections by James B. Richardson on the education of the feebleminded. Not even the case of the most hardened criminal can be considered more hopeless than the one described in this paper. It is the case of an idiot. He tells of a boy 8½ years of age, who had never known his mother (although never separated from her), who had never been known to smile, who had no power of locomotion, who did not blink when light was flashed in his eyes, who had no sense of pain or touch. He tells, in this hopeless case, how, after nine months' assiduous labor of the patient, having taken the boy in his charge, he concluded to get down on the floor to him; and day after day, on the floor beside him, he, for an hour at a time for three months, read intelligently to that idiot boy. Then one day he stopped, and that child, who had never noticed anything before, missed his voice, actually appeared uneasy and, when the reading was again resumed, chuckled and "laughed." He read to him two or three months more and then one day read to himself; the child lifted his finger and laid it on the reader's lips. After this headways thus opened the reader's lips before the reading was commenced. At last he smiled. It took six months' patient work, but the child was made to smile the smile recognition. Then he was taken up on the knee. After about a year and a half he could weep. Finally he was brought to walk, to talk, to think and to recognize and be pleased to know his mother. This child, whose life had been, at 8½ years of age, an utter blank, had been restored to him by persistent painstaking, thought, care and attention.

And so it is with the confirmed pauper and hardened criminal. The case may be exceedingly difficult, but yet at least a partial cure can be effected by years of neglect, want, hardship, suffering, utter license, extra lack of self-restraint all are there. This cannot be undone in a few short hours; it may take years; it will take persistent observation, thought and labor. But *something can* be done.

Let us try to realize what such lives have been; how devoid of all true and pure teaching, thought or pleasure. Mutual interest instead of sympathy; lust instead of love; to excel in vice the only ambition—and all this and much more experienced from the cradle. This is the history of many criminals. Surely we, who by our negligence have permitted them so to grow up in our midst, owe it to them to make those places of confinement the establishment of which we find necessary to prevent them from committing further depredations on society, places for their reformation and not colleges for their further graduation in crime. A penitentiary should be a house for the cure of moral disease, as a hospital is for the cure of physical disease. There is not one of us who does not know that moral diseases are contagious, and we are most careful to keep our children from contamination. But, nevertheless, possessing this knowledge, we insist upon herding together the father's suffering from every known moral complaint under the sun. And with the most natural result, that the son comes in with a dozen more, and goes out with half a dozen more; and, finally, by this method we succeed in debasing all the moral nature there is in him as well put patients suffering from scarlet fever in the same ward with those sick with smallpox, diphtheria and cholera. It seems that we let the child grow up in the school of ignorance and graduate his afterwards in the college of crime. Let us reform our prisons and then we can hope to reform our prisoners.

EDUCATION.

But I must hasten to the last and most important aspect of the subject, for, after all, the best and most permanent method of preventing poverty, pauperism and crime is to be found in the proper and universal education of the young; for whatever the difference of opinion expressed on other branches of the work, all seem alike agreed that this is a certain and satisfactory one and that if we do our duty here there will be no such problem as that of pauperism in the next generation. We can each do something here, if only to become informed on the various methods of teaching the young and training teachers.

The free kindergarten movement is one most worthy of our earnest attention. Everyone should become more or less conversant with its objects, methods and working.

By this beautiful method of child culture not only are the eyes, hands and feet trained to systematic recognition, use and motion; not only are the little ones of three to ten years of age taught to recognize and name colors, forms (freedom and motion); use their hands in asking many beautiful things; to move according to system, and to use their voice in speaking and singing, but while all of this and much more is being done many useful lessons in arithmetic, mathematics, writing, reading, and even the elements of science are being unconsciously learned, and the child is at the same time being trained to habits of industry, neatness and order, while work is made a pleasure until industry becomes a habit.

Everything we can do towards the establishment of the kindergartens and towards the introduction of kindergarten, or object lesson methods in the more advanced classes, as well as the establishment of workshops and technical education in the high schools, I feel assured will very largely tend to the diminution of poverty, pauperism and crime.

And as it is now most certainly the feeling of almost, if not all, those engaged in humanitarian and philanthropic work within the United States to-day. The work is progressing well, and while from 1873 to 1877 St. Louis possessed the only free kindergarten in the United States, under the direction of Miss Susan E. Blow, who started the movement by the generous offer of her services without gratuity, there are now in the city of St. Louis over 4000 little children trained in these free establishments, while Boston trains about 1500 of the poorest children, San Francisco 1000 of the poorest waifs, mainly from the gutters and wretched homes of the slums; Chicago 2300, mainly from the poorest homes in the city; Philadelphia 1100, mostly from the poorest and most ignorant classes, and frequently from the most degraded and vicious. Cincinnati, 300 of the poorest sons; Milwaukee, Wis., 1250; while "New York can probably boast of a greater number of free kindergartens within her limits, outside of kindergarten associations, than any other city in the Union. Oakland and San Jose, Cal.; Denver, Col.; Hartford and New Haven, Conn.; Portland, Me.; Pittsfield and Florence, Mass.; Louisville, Ky.; Baltimore, Md.; Detroit, Mich.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Buffalo and Oswego, N. Y.; Providence, R. I., are, in addition to the cities, also giving free training to more than 2000 children in and out of institutions." And these figures are from a report read before the national conference of charities and correction in why last, since which time the world has not been standing still. To this must be added the the free kindergarten work in Portland, Or.

And all this was started only in 1873 by one woman in the city of St. Louis. Before this, we can see what another woman did, in Miss Elizabeth Peabody who, in 1867, made a trip to Europe in order to study his system, and who may be said to have introduced it into America.

But if we desire really to see what one earnest life, with the love of his fellow creatures at heart, can do toward the amelioration of the condition of humanity, let us look at that of Frederich Wilhelm Froebel, the village schoolmaster, the modest and unpretending creator of kindergartens, whose kindly labors began about the year 1805 and ended in 1852. In spite of stupid opposition and tyrannical oppression this truly great man quietly sowed the seed, little dreaming of the glorious harvest we are reaping to-day. Or let us consider how from the quiet simple life of Frederick William Greenleaf have sprung the numerous "Harry Wadsworth" and "Lend a Hand" clubs.

A concern of life, however insignificant, is a great power, and this is the only perpetual motion in philanthropy; but the motion, the influence of one life honestly, modestly devoted to the interest of humanity is indeed an eternal motion, an everlasting influence.

And if each one of us here assembled to-night firmly resolved to patiently, honestly and persistently do all in our power throughout our lives to make the world happier and better, who can say, when the influence of one man in seventy years reaches what Froebel's reaches to-day, that in 100 years ours might not produce a reformation in society, the extent of which would immeasurably surpass the expectation of the most sanguine of our number.

The experiment is surely worth making.

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103 Prince St., New York, N. Y.

I had a very severe attack of lumbago; could hardly walk. I tried a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil; it relieved; I tried another, it cured me. I would not be without it if it cost $5 a bottle.

C. SHAYNE.

From Same 4 years Later—Cured.

103 Prince St., New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1886.

I cheerfully confirm my statement; was completely cured. St. Jacobs Oil is the standard. I recommend it for family use.

C. C. SHAYNE.

A Lumbago Sufferer—August, 1881.

210 Middlesex St., Lowell, Mass.

About two months and I had a stitch in my back, which caused me pain and was unable to leave my house. I tried St. Jacobs Oil. Less than a bottle cured me.

DAVID LAWRENCE.

From Same 5 Years Later—Cured.

Lowell, Mass., Oct. 23, 1886.

Several years ago I had a severe attack of rheumatism. I tried St. Jacobs Oil and in a few days was cured. Have not been troubled since.

DAVID LAWRENCE.

From a Sufferer at 64—September, 1879.

Strasburgh, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio.

I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and got no relief until I used St. Jacobs Oil. By the use of two bottles I was got ally relieved.

JOHN DIEFFENBACHER.

From Same 7 Years Later—Cured.

Strasburgh, Tuscarawas Co., O., Oct. 22, 1886.

I continued using your St. Jacobs and it cured me of so severe a case.

JOHN DIEFFENBACHER.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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FREE FROM OPIATES AND POISON.

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LEAVE		LEAVE	
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Lake Oswego	9:45 A.M.	Monmouth	7:50 A.M.
Sheridan	9:42 A.M.	Dallas	8:30 A.M.
Dallas	6:30 P.M.	Sheridan	10:15 A.M.
Monmouth	6:55 P.M.	Lake Oswego	4:50 P.M.
Airlie (arrive)	7:15 P.M.	Portland (arrive)	5:15 P.M.

Between Portland and Coburg—123 miles.

LEAVE		LEAVE	
Portland	9:15 A.M.	Coburg	6:15 A.M.
Silverton	2:30 P.M.	Brownsville	7:50 A.M.
West Side	3:0 P.M.	Lang's	8:37 A.M.
Lang's	6:55 P.M.	West Side	9:15 A.M.
Brownsville	7:30 P.M.	Silverton	10:0 A.M.
Coburg (arrive)	8:15 P.M.	Portland (arrive)	5:15 P.M.

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BEECHER DYING.

A Stroke of Apoplexy that Will Prove Fatal.

HE MAY LIVE FOR SEVERAL DAYS,

And Death May Come at Any Moment—The Attack, at First Light, Gradually Destroys his Faculties.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The following bulletin was posted on the door of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's residence in Brooklyn this afternoon: "Mr. Beecher has an attack of apoplexy. He is very ill, but not suffering much pain. A bulletin will be issued morning, noon and night."

At 8:45 to-night Dr. Searle said that the condition of Beecher was unchanged, but he was liable to die at any moment.

10 P. M.—Mr. Beecher is not expected to die before morning.

At 11 o'clock to-night Beecher was slightly better and appeared to be less drowsy. Rev. Dr. Talmage and all the prominent members of Beecher's church called at the house. Beecher, by pointing to his head, indicated that he was suffering there much pain. His pulse was 108, respiration 32, and temperature 100. Dr. Searle said that no more bulletins would be issued to-night, unless Beecher was found to be dying. He did not think there would be any change before morning. At 11 o'clock the house was closed.

NO CHANGE AT 3 A. M.

NEW YORK, March 6—3 A. M.—There is no change in Beecher's condition.

PARTICULARS OF THE ATTACK.

It Comes on Almost without Warning while Beecher is Abed.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has had a stroke of apoplexy, and now lies unconscious. While hoping that the attack may not prove fatal, grave fears are entertained by his family and familiar friends that his labors as a pastor in this world have ended. Beecher resides with his son, Col. Henry Beecher, at the corner of Hicks and Clarks streets in Brooklyn. A son-in-law who is in the West, another in San Francisco, and his daughter have been telegraphed for. Col. Beecher has also telegraphed for his son who is in Yale college. Col. Beecher and his brother, ex-Assistant District Attorney Wm. C. Beecher, with his wife and Mrs. Beecher, were at the bedside of the great clergyman all day. They were completely overcome with grief at his condition. He has always been in such good health and was apparently so hale for his age that they could hardly realize that he was lying there in such a helpless condition.

THE ATTACK.

His attack came on so gradually that his wife and son were unable to realize the full extent of his illness. Between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning Beecher awoke and complained of being sick. His wife arose to get something for him to drink. He began to vomit freely and then lay back upon his pillow apparently exhausted. In a short time he fell asleep. Mrs. Beecher concluded that he would feel better in a few hours. The first breakfast bell rang but did not awaken him; the second bell also passed unheeded. Mrs. Beecher had been up for some time and did not wish to disturb him. Becoming alarmed she made an attempt to arouse him but could not do so. She called her son and daughter-in-law. They tried to rouse him. He tried to speak but his voice was thick and the articulation indistinct. Dr. W. S. Searle, the family physician was called. He pronounced Mr. Beecher quite ill but did not apprehend immediate danger.

HOW HE PASSED THE DAY.

During the day Beecher seemed to improve, and hopes were entertained that he would rally. Medicine was given regularly and every change was noted. This morning he appeared to be worse, and it was decided to call Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, in consultation with Dr. Searle. Before noon Beecher lapsed into unconsciousness, and was in that condition when Dr. Hammond reached the house. Dr. Hammond pronounced him in a critical condition. He thought that as the patient was naturally a strong man, he might rally. He assured the family that there was some hope. He left shortly after 2 o'clock. Col. Beecher said tonight that his father did not seem to suffer any pain, and when roused seemed to recognize him and Mrs. Beecher. His articulation was too indistinct to be understood. Dr. Hammond was called in as an expert on brain troubles. Col. Beecher said at first he thought the attack was billiousness. It was decided to issue hourly bulletins to inform the anxious friends of Beecher's condition.

A PHYSICIAN'S STATEMENT.

The Attack, Mild at First, Slowly Became Severe and Dangerous.

NEW YORK, March 5.—To-morrow's *World* will have the following: The chances of Beecher's recovery are stated by Dr. W. S. Searle, his family physician, in the following words: "He may live a day and he may live a week, and there is a bare possibility that he may survive the shock, but his full mental and bodily faculties can never be restored."

Beecher's illness was altogether unexpected. He was in his usual good health up to last Thursday evening. He ate at night a supper consisting of half a dozen roast clams, and spent the evening playing backgammon with Mrs. Beecher. He retired early, and did not complain of feeling unwell. He, however, appeared restless after lying down, so much so that he attracted the attention of his wife. She told her he had been suffering with severe headache all night, an affliction to which he is comparatively a stranger. He vomited profusely, and said he felt a little better. Shortly after he fell asleep, and slept without a break until 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon. He was not disturbed during this time, as it has been his habit for years to sleep in that manner when out of sorts. He was accustomed to say that sleep was one of his greatest remedies.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

Dr. Hutchinson was called by Mrs. Beecher. The doctor said to a reporter: "I reached the house at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and found Beecher sleeping. His appearance was quite natural, although I thought his face was drawn somewhat to the right side. The skin, especially of his extremities, was cool, but not cold. I easily aroused Mr. Beecher, and he was perfectly conscious. I said to him:

"'You slept so long that your wife became worried and sent for me.'

"'Yes,' he responded, 'I have slept a good while. I've been dreaming. It was a rather pleasant sort of a dream, too. You know I have always been a great dreamer.'

"'And what was your dream?' I asked.

"'I thought,' was the reply, 'that I had been made a duke and my wife a duchess. I dreamed we had a large amount of property invested in British consols, and I've been trying all night to figure out the income. You know, doctor, that riches have always been a great source of trouble to me.'"

NOTHING SERIOUS APPREHENDED.

The doctor continued: "I took my patient's pulse. It was about 80, and I thought it was too full and too hard. He was lying on his back, and he moved all his limbs with apparent freedom. His symptoms were much the same as he has been accustomed to in attacks of indigestion or biliousness, and both myself and the family concluded that nothing more serious was threatened. I prescribed appropriate remedies, and left, not having been in the house more than half an hour. I called again, however, at 10 o'clock the same evening. At that hour I found his pulse much better. I observed, however, that Mr. Beecher's articulation was thick. He seemed drowsy, but answered questions readily. He seemed, on the whole, better than in the afternoon. I was, however, apprehensive that his condition was more serious than it appeared on the surface, and when I left it was with the injunction that I be called at once if there were any change in the patient's condition. Beecher's son William stayed at the bedside with his mother till midnight, and then retired. Mrs. Beecher was on the alert all night long. The family did not see fit to call me till 8 o'clock this morning, and when I arrived I saw that there had been a decided change for the worse. There was partial paralysis of the entire left side, it being most marked in the arm. The hand grasp of the right hand was vigorous, however, but that of the left was almost imperceptible. The left leg was not as much paralyzed as the arm, and the sensation in both arms and the leg appeared perfect.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"'Can you move your left arm?' I asked Mr. Beecher.

"'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'I can touch my head with my hand.'

"He tried to do so, and found that he could not, and it seemed to annoy him. All this time he was exceedingly drowsy. When asked a question he would reply and then drop in a drowsy state. He was not in a comatose condition by any means. His pupils were contracted, but they responded well to the light. When asked to put out his tongue it was only partially produced, and with evident difficulty. His temperature was then 99 degrees, about half a degree above the normal. His pulse was 90, when it is usually from 70 to 75. His respiration was normal and much like that of a man asleep. His general action was like that of a man partially aroused from deep slumber. He said his head still pained him; that there was a 'boring' pain in the right of his head and his brain was sore. Frequently he carried his hand involuntarily to his head, as if it pained him. I pronounced the case apoplexy, and I sent for Prof. Wm. A. Hammond, of New York. I took Mrs. Beecher and William aside, and told how serious the case was. They were incredulous at first, and thought it impossible, as the symptoms were so much like what they had been accustomed to in times past. Mrs. Beecher was overcome with grief when she fully realized, but bore up bravely when encouraged by her son.'

HE GROWS WORSE.

"Dr. Hammond arrived at 2 o'clock, and it was then evident that Mr. Beecher was failing. His temperature was 100 1-5, and his respirations were of peculiar irregularity, indicating serious cerebral disease. The paralysis had increased, and there was no power of grasp whatever left in the hand. By tickling the bottom of his foot we caused him to draw it up, producing a reflex motion, but otherwise the limb was helpless. He was still suffering from pain, and managed to say so indistinctly. His articulation was more impaired than ever, and the extremities had become equally warm. His face at the time was very much flushed, and at no time was it pale. He moved his right arm and leg uneasily, as if he were suffering pain. He remained on his back, and made no attempt to roll over.

"From his whole condition at this time it was the opinion of Dr. Hammond and myself that his condition was extremely serious. We therefore advised the family to notify all absent members."

"I was not surprised," said the doctor, "at Beecher's attack. I have known for three years past that he had incipient Bright's disease in a mild form. It has been his custom for some time, while studying, to wrap up his feet in rugs to keep them warm. He was troubled with a rushing of blood to the head."

HIS RECENT WORK.

Much Time Devoted to the Second Volume of his Book.

For the last month or so Beecher has been busily engaged in writing a second volume of his "Life of Christ." He has been closely confined at his work, as he wished to finish it for publication in early summer. He has not been away from his house since his return from Europe, except to run up to Peekskill and his country seat for a day at a time. On Sunday last he preached two remarkably vigorous sermons. On Tuesday he went to Peekskill, and returned on Wednesday. He had a slight headache, but thought nothing of it. He worked all day on his book, and went out in the evening with Mrs. Beecher. Thursday the two came over to New York together to buy furniture for the church parlor. After a day in the city they returned home. At supper he ate six roast clams, and retired. About 10 o'clock early Friday morning began his illness.

Col. Beecher visited the sick room to-night and was recognized by his father. A trained nurse has been engaged to take care of him.

Much excitement was caused in Brooklyn by the announcement of Beecher's illness. Immense crowds gathered near the house and read the bulletins. All through the evening prominent citizens were calling and leaving cards at the door. A policeman was stationed in front of the house to keep the crowd away. Beecher is over 73 years old.

ENGLISH SWINDLERS.

How they have been Gulling Greedy Americans in New York.

NEW YORK, March, 5.—Inspector Byrnes, acting in conjunction with the postoffice inspectors, arrested George Fredrick Parker, president, and E. B. Wetherill, secretary, of the British American agency, with an office on Broadway, under indictments for using the mails for fraudulent purposes, and for violating the state laws as well. The alleged swindle is the old one of ferretting out supposed claims of heirs to vast estates in Great Britain and the sums of $15,000 or so lying unclaimed in the Bank of England. They made their business widely known, and soon found plenty of gulls for which they were looking. Both are Englishmen and Parker is alleged to be a ticket-of-leave man who came here from Australia. There were various preliminary charges ranging from fifty cents upward and averaging in the neighborhood of $25 for expectant heir cases. The books seized by the police show that rarely less than $100 was received each day, and lately $400 per day was the average. The books of the concern contained over 50,000 names of next of kin, alphabetically arranged, who have paid in fees during the past winter. The police charge it was all clear profit; that the agency never investigated a claim; never approached the court of chancery, and only paid expenses in the way of a salary to a decoy named James A. Hales, who has an office at No. 115 Chancery Lane, London, and who sends letters on claims, receiving them in a favorable light. One of the circulars of the agency was printed on heavy blue paper with the British coat of arms.

The police have been at work on the case for some months. As early as last fall, within a few weeks of the beginning of the enterprise, Inspector Byrnes received a letter from Commissioner Monroe, of the London police, calling attention to the swindle. One or two of his inspectors went through the claim mill and got all the points at first hands. Indictments were found against the men yesterday. The police say Parker served a term for theft nine years ago, and later again for forgery. They have confederates on the other side named A. C. Wilkeson and E. G. Rideout, whom the London police will be asked to look after.

Later in the evening George W. Gibbons, whose name is printed on some of the circulars as the agency's counsel, was also arrested. He protested that he knew nothing of the affairs of the office, but was nevertheless locked up.

A FAMOUS MAN IN TROUBLE.

Arrest of Walter Camp, the Well Known Athlete of Yale.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Walter C. Camp, of New Haven, a well known athlete and coach of the Yale football team, was arrested here this afternoon, charged with attempting to assassinate George Condit Smith, who was found in Madison square two or three nights ago, suffering from a bullet wound. Smith declined to say who fired the shot or why. The motive alleged by the police is jealousy, Smith having supplanted Camp in the affections of Miss Sadie Barnes, a New Jersey heiress.

RELEASED.

He was taken to the hospital and confronted with Smith. The latter declared that Camp was not the assassin, and that he had never seen him before. Camp was accordingly released, and at once left for New Haven.

THINK HE IS INNOCENT.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 5.—The arrest at New York of Walter Camp, Yale's famous baseball and football player, charged with the attempted murder of George Condit Smith, created a tremendous sensation in the college world, and also throughout the city. The general opinion to-night among Yale men, based on reports that Smith was shot at 1 o'clock Thursday morning, is that the detectives have made a lamentable blunder. Walter Camp was in this city Wednesday evening, and acted as referee at the Yale sports in the skating rink. He remained at the rink until the games were finished, 11:15 P. M. From the rink he went directly to his home, and remained there until morning, when he went to New York on the 7 o'clock train. His family have received a reassuring dispatch from him, and are not at all alarmed as to the outcome.

BISHOP, THE MIND READER.

He Gives in New York a Remarkable Evidence of his Powers.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Washington Irving Bishop, the famous mind reader, gave a peculiarly trying test of his powers this afternoon at the Hoffman house, in the presence of members of the press, the theatrical profession, doctors, lawyers and others. He borrowed a brooch from Mrs. Frank Leslie, which he gave to a committee of four gentlemen, previously chosen from the audience, telling them to conceal it anywhere within a mile of the hotel. The committee drove off in a carriage, returning after half an hour's absence. Bishop was then blindfolded. This was done by tying cotton batting around his eyes. Then a black bag was put over his head and fastened around his neck. A two-seated open carriage was waiting at the door, and in this Mr. Bishop and three members of the committee took seats, and Bishop then took the reins and drove off through the great crowd of people and vehicles, guiding the horses with remarkable dexterity considering that he could not use his eyes. He drove over a devious route, and just near the southeast corner of Gramercy park stopped the vehicle and alighted, the committee following. A large crowd had run after the carriage all the way from the Hoffman house, and Bishop had hard work making his way through the throng that flocked about him. He crossed the street and proceeded along the east side of Gramercy park until he reached the entrance to the Gramercy Park hotel, into which he turned without hesitation, walked into a room, and placed his hand on a vase which rested upon a table. He held his hand there for a few seconds and then requested that the vase be removed. His wish was complied with, and he picked the brooch up from the table where it had been left by the committee.

WASHINGTON.

The President Pardons a Number of Convicts.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL

Its Friends Urging its Approval by the President—The Failure of the Fortification Bill—Washington Notes.

PARDONED BY THE PRESIDENT.

A List of the Fortunate Convicts, with the Executive's Reasons.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The president acted on a large number of pardon cases yesterday. Norman H. Camp, convicted of embezzlement and sentenced in January, 1883, to five years' imprisonment at hard labor in the territorial prison of Idaho, and to pay a fine of $1000, and stand committed until it shall be paid. The pres dent granted a pardon in this case, and endorsed the application as follows: "In my opinion there are grave doubts as to the guilt of this convict. He has been imprisoned under his sentence for more than a year, and his character prior to conviction, and his surroundings, are, I think, sufficient guaranty in any event of his future good conduct."

A pardon was also granted in the case of He Ying and He Lung, who were convicted in the eastern district at Arkansas of violating internal revenue tax, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $100. The president's endorsement on this case was: "If any part of the sentence in this case remains unexecuted, let the convicts be pardoned. If not, let the matter remain as it is. The thirty days' imprisonment expired long ago. If they are detained for the fine, let that and all else be remitted."

A WASHINGTON TERRITORY CASE.

The president also granted a pardon in the case of J. Walden, convicted of violating the postal laws and sentenced September 16, 1886, to one year's imprisonment in the United States penitentiary at McNeill's island, Washington territory. He endorses the application "granted, upon the ground that owing to the youth of the convict and the circumstances of the case, I am satisfied that the ends of justice will be as well subserved by the punishment already suffered, and the prospect of the boy as well secured by imprisonment of the months already suffered, as if he were longer confined in his place of imprisonment."

Similar action was taken on the case of Joseph H. Evans, who was convicted of polygamy and unlawful cohabitation, and sentenced November, 1884, to five years and six months in the Utah penitentiary, and to pay a fine of $250. The president endorsed this application as follows: "Granted—This convict is nearly 70 years old, and was convicted of polygamy and unlawful cohabitation. He has been imprisoned more than two years, and his pardon is prayed for by his legal wife. Though he will not promise to obey the law against polygamy, yet I am determined that the hardship of his case shall not be cited to show that the government is inclined to be vindictive in its attempts to extirpate the practice of polygamy."

Pardons were also granted to the following: Alfred Brotherton, convicted of conspiracy to castaway the vessel of which he was master, and sentenced May 5, 1885, to one year's imprisonment in the Baltimore jail, and to pay a fine of $1000.

James Gordon, violation of polygamy laws.

Mrs. Melvina Knight, violation of the internal revenue laws in Kentucky.

A BANK EMBEZZLER.

A pardon was granted in the case of Oscar T. Baldwin, convicted of misappropriating bank funds and making false entries as cashier of the Merchant's Bank, of Newark, N. J., and sentenced January 5, 1882, to fifteen years' imprisonment. The president's indorsement was: "This convict has been totally relieved from imprisonment upon a writ of habeas corpus, and the only effect of a pardon now is to restore him to his rights as a citizen. This I am entirely willing to do, in view of his standing and respectability prior to his conviction, and in the belief that society will not be injured by such restoration."

The president declined to interfere in the case of Charles A. Earles, alias Charles McGregor, who was convicted of perjury and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Western penitentiary of Pennsylvania, and to pay a fine of $100. He endorsed the application for pardon in this case as follows: "Denied. This man was sentenced to imprisonment for three years. He has not yet served one. The crime of perjury is so dreadful and dangerous, and guilt in this case being confessed, I cannot bring my mind to the granting of a pardon in this case."

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

Interested Congressmen Insist that the President may yet Sign the Measure.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—An effort has been made since the adjournment of congress to induce the president to sign the river and harbor bill, and those interested in securing this action assert that there is nothing in the constitution to prevent his doing so now, if he is so disposed. Several members of congress, including Representatives Willis and Dibble, are agreed that he has power, and have endeavored to persuade him to sign the bill. Mr. Willis said to-day that there was nothing in the constitution which provided that the president should sign a bill before 12 o'clock on the 4th of March, or that he should report the fact of his signature to the house. The only provision with relation to bills not signed before the expiration of congress, he said, was that the ten-day limit should not operate to make the measure become a law. He called on the president to-day, and suggested to him that he sign the bill now, unless he objected to its provisions. The president informed him that he could not do so, as he was fully convinced that his constitutional power to sign or veto acts of congress expired with the adjournment of that body. Attorney General Garland agreed entirely with the president on this question.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS.

INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—By a recent order of the president the military reservation of Fort Colville, W. T., has been transferred to the department of the interior for disposition, under the act of July 5, 1884, it being no longer of use for military purposes.

The agreement recently concluded between the northwest Indian commission on behalf of the government, and Indians of the great Blackfoot reservation in Northern Montana, has been received at the Indian bureau. By its terms three separate reservations are set apart for permanent homes of the Indians—one for the Peck agency Indians, another for the Belknap agency Indians, and third for Indians of the Blackfoot agency, each comprising an area of about 1200 square miles, leaving an area estimated to contain about 17,500,000 acres, a territory about three times larger than the state of Maryland, which the Indians cede to the United States, in consideration of the following sums: For the Peck Indians, $165,000 per annum for ten years; for the Fort Belknap Indians, $115,000 per annum for the same period; for the Blackfeet Indians, $150,000 per annum for ten years. These sums are to be expended under direction of the secretary of the interior in the purchase of stock for breeding purposes, subsistence, clothing and otherwise, for the comfort and civilization of the Indians. It is believed by the commission that the compensation agreed upon is fair and equitable, and sufficient to place them in a position to speedily become self-supporting, and to require no further government aid.

THE APPROPRIATION BILLS.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The aggregate of the appropriation bills passed by the Forty-ninth congress is about $250,000,000. The total is exclusive of sums appropriated by the river and harbor and the deficiency appropriation bills, which failed of enactment. Appropriations for the current fiscal year aggregate $284,000,000, which amount would have been equaled by the appropriation voted by the last congress had the two bills mentioned become laws.

Some idea of the manner in which the Forty-ninth congress wound up its work may be found in the declaration of a member of little experience that the record revealed the fact that one quarter of the legislation of the session had been enacted in the last legislative day. An enrolling clerk of twelve years experience said that never in that length of time had he witnessed the haste exhibited in the last twenty-four hours of the congress which had just expired. Enough papers to fill a half-bushel basket, all of them president al vetoes of house bills, lay in a pile on the floor of the clerks' office in the house wing of the capital this morning. They number 101 in all.

DEATH OF COL. R. W. SCOTT.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Lieut.-Col. R. W. Scott, Third artillery, chief of the publication office of the war records of the rebellion, died at his residence in this city this afternoon, of pneumonia.

Col. Scott was a son of Rev. W. A. Scott, a distinguished divine of the Presbyterian church, and was born at Winchester, Tennessee. He served with distinction throughout the war, and at the battle of Gainesville was wounded and brevetted for gallantry. Before the war he was stationed on the Pacific coast, and had at one time under his charge the United States steamer Massachusetts, during the San Juan troubles in 1859. For two years he was professor of military science at Faribault, Minn. Col. Scott was the author of a very valuable digest of military laws of the United States, which was published in 1872. High appreciation of his ability and military knowledge was frequently shown by those most familiar with his capacity, and notably his assignment as military secretary in 1878 to the joint commission of congress for reorganization of the army under what was known as the Burnside bill, and subsequently as recorder of the court of inquiry in the case of Judge Advocate General Swain. But the most substantial recognition of all was his selection as compiler of the records of the late war, to which duty he was assigned on the 1st of January, 1878. This is the most important publication of the sort ever attempted, and the only one of the kind ever made by a government, except that of the German empire of the Franco-German war, which is in no wise so complete as this will be when finished.

THE FAILURE OF THE FORTIFICATION BILL.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—As explained in the senate by Hawes, the rock upon which the conferees on the fortification appropriation bill finally split was section 8 of the bill prepared by the senate conferrees. This section authorizes the advisory board to make contracts with responsible steel manufacturers for a supply of 1000 tons of gun steel, subject to tests and inspection at every stage, and appropriated $500,000 for its purchase. The corresponding provision made by the house conferrees was contained in section 9 of their bill. This section appropriates a like sum of $6,000,000 for the purchase of steel, but with provision that only so much should be accepted as would suffice for the fabrication of three guns, eight, ten or twelve inches in caliber. These guns are to be tested by requiring them to endure 200 discharges in periods of time ranging from eighty to 120 minutes. If they failed to pass the tests no more of the appropriation was to become available for the purchase of steel. The objection of the senate conferrees to this proviso was that it would result in leaving the country without guns for many years to come, as it would take at least three or four years to finish and test specimen guns, and in the event of their success as many additional years to procure others of the same type.

NOMINATIONS THAT WERE REJECTED.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Only four of the president's nominations made during the session just closed were rejected by the senate, as follows: J. C. Matthews, of Albany, to be recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia; Charles W. Fish, of Indiana, to be surveyor-general of Nevada; Charles E. Bailey to be register of the land office at Tucson, Arizona; Oliver Shannon, to be receiver of public moneys at North Platte. The following are nominations which remain unacted upon, and therefore died when the session ended: J. M. Brooks, United States Attorney for the southern district of California. Registers of the land office: James M. Adams, at Spokane Falls, W. T.; Wm. Blaine, Blackfoot, Idaho.

WORK ON THE CRUISERS DELAYED.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Officials of the navy department say that the failure of the general deficiency bill will seriously embarrass work on the three cruisers, Atlanta, Boston and Chicago. The bill as agreed upon in conference appropriated $2,745,000 for the construction of these vessels. The bureau of construction and repair has not a dollar on hand, and all work on the Chicago will have to be stopped and the men at Chester and discharged. It is expected, however, that the Atlanta can be finished, as but little remains to be done on her. It is estimated that the completion of the Boston and Chicago will be delayed from fifteen months to two years by the failure of the bill.

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE VETOES.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Enough papers to fill half a bushel basket, all of them presidential vetoes of house bills, lay in a pile on the floor of the clerk's office, in the house wing of the capitol, this morning, numbering 101 in all.

CONDITION OF NATIONAL BANKS.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The comptroller of the currency has called for a statement of the condition of the national banks at the close of business March 4th.

OFFICIAL CHOLERA.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The secretary of state is informed that cholera has been officially declared epidemic at Montevideo.

NOTABLE DEAD.

DEATH OF A NOTED NUN.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 5.—The *Journal's* South Bend, Indiana, special says that Mother Angela, one of the most widely known women in this country, died very suddenly to-day at St. Mary's academy, an educational institution for females, which she founded in 1850 at Notre Dame. Mother Angela was a niece of Thomas Ewing, secretary of state under President Harrison, and was educated with her cousin, now the wife of General Sherman, at Georgetown convent. She was also a cousin of James G. Blaine, both being born in the same house in Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and passing their earlier years together. During her Washington life Mother Angela, then Miss Gillespie, was a much courted belle, noted for her learning and wit. When twenty-six years old she left society, joined the order of the sisters of the Holy Cross, and coming to South Bend, where Rev. Father Sorin had already founded the university of Notre Dame, she established St. Mary's academy, and under her administration it became one of the most noted educational institutions in the country. In 1870 she became the mother of the order for the United States. During the war she devoted most of her time to establishing hospitals and overseeing the care of sick and wounded soldiers. As mother superior she founded a number of academies for women throughout the country.

CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA, March 5.—Charles J. Peterson, the author, and published and proprietor of *Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine*, died suddenly at his residence last night, aged 68 years.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

THE FEMALE POISONER.

BOSTON, March 5.—Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson was to-day arraigned in the supreme judicial court at East Cambridge, on indictments alleging that on June 20, 1885, she administered poison to Prince Arthur Freeman, and caused his death; that on August 1, 1881, she caused the death of Oliver Sleeper by poison; that on July 11, 1882, she caused the death of her husband, Moses Robinson, by administering poison; and that on July 1, 1886, she murdered, by poison, Thomas Arthur Freeman. The prisoner pleaded not guilty to all indictments, and was held for trial.

SHOT DEAD BY A WOMAN.

LANCASTER, March 4.—Levi Brooks, living in Elizabeth township, this county, was shot this morning by Mary Goscher, a relative, and instantly killed. The woman claims that the saw Brooks coming up the steps with a knife in his hands, and fearing that he was going to kill her she got a shotgun and fired through the door, killing Brooks instantly. The cause of the latter's visit is not known.

INCENDIARY FIRES.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., March 5.—The superintendent of the Jersey City ferries of the Pennsylvania road, this morning discovered new evidence of an attempt to burn the company's ferry houses and depot. The railroad company is employing gangs of watchmen to patrol the wharf both day and night.

RAILROAD NOTES.

AN IMPORTANT DEAL FOR THE B. & O.

PHILADELPHIA, March 5.—The *Evening Telegraph* says: "There are very good reasons for stating but for more than a month past negotiations have been actually in progress for the purpose of securing to the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company his denied entry to New York, on certain conditions. These restrict ons, we are informed, embody an iron-clad rule by all the lines involved—the Baltimore & Ohio, Pennsylvania, Reading and Jersey Central. This contract will be reaching in its purposes and results, and will cover a vast amount of ground. The relations between the companies' interests in the Schuylkill coal fields will be clearly defined, and the Baltimore & Ohio will be placed in such position that it cannot materially injure its greatest competitors. 'This is an agreement,' said a prominent railroad officer today, 'and you will find that it is a much bigger thing than the Lake Shore deal.'"

THE FIRE RECORD.

FIRE IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Fire was discovered early this evening in the five-story building at Nos. 27, 29 and 31, Rose street, owned by J. G. Breifud, who occupied the floors as a wheelbarrow factory. The first two numbers were completely gutted. The estimated loss is $100,000.

BIG BLAZE AT ATCHISON.

ATCHISON, Ks., March 5.—One wing of the wholesale grocery house of A. B. Simmons & Co. burned to-night, together with goods valued at $110,000. Loss on the building $15,000, and insurance on the whole establishment is $113,000.

PLANS FOR A MAN-OF-WAR.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Naval Constructor Polk submitted to the department to-day his plans for a new armored vessel of 6000 tons displacement, ordered by the last congress. She will cost over $2,500,000. Work will probably be commenced within a year.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Mexicans Responsible for the Nogales Trouble.

TWO SMALL VESSELS GO ASHORE.

Fiendish Revenge in California—A Five Thousand Dollar Burglary—The Wheat Market Booming—Notes.

THE TROUBLE AT NOGALES.

Gov. Torres of Sonora Censures the Mexican Soldiers.

NOGALES, Arizona, March 5.—Gov. Torres of Sonora, Mexico, and staff, accompanied by Col. Arvizu, arrived this morning from Hermosillo. Gov. Torres, on learning the particulars of the affair of Thursday, censured the Mexican consul, Senor Labadie, in unmeasured terms for not delivering Lieut. Guitterez—who led the soldiers in the attack on the Americans—to the American authorities immediately. Col. Arvizu, in order to clear himself, stated to the governor that the Americans were in fault, whereupon the governor said: "The Americans are not in fault. They were not in Mexico fighting you. What business had your soldiers in the United States armed and fighting United States authorities?"

Governor Torres is highly indignant at the action of the local Mexican authorities. Upon learning that Senor Vasquel, chief of the Mexican police, had been removed for refusing to take a hand against the Americans, he immediately reinstated him. He was ordered to take a force of men to secure Lieut. Guitterez and turn him over to the United States authorities. The chief thereupon dispatched ten men on horseback, fully armed, to scour the country and bring in Guitterez dead or alive. This, it is believed, will prevent further trouble.

TWO VESSELS ASHORE.

One will Probably be Floated—The Other a Total Loss.

VICTORIA, March 5.—The British iron bark Viola went ashore at Esquimalt in a gale, at high tide this morning. She arrived from London yesterday. It is thought that when the cargo is lightened the vessel will get off without damage.

The sealing schooner Rustler, owned by Capt. Warren, Victoria, was blown ashore on the west coast of South Cape Beal on the night of February 26, and is a total wreck. Loss, $4500; uninsured. The Rustler went to sea three weeks ago, and had taken no seals.

Sailed, Mexico.

Everything is quiet at Vancouver. The Chinese have returned.

A FIENDISH REVENGE.

A Storehouse Blown to Atoms and a Dwelling Burned.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5.—Some time last night some unknown person blew up the storehouse of Lillie Mercer, at Pacheco, destroying all the goods and everything in the building, with giant powder. Every vestige of the building and goods was blown to atoms. Some one supposed to be the same parties who destroyed the store, set fire to his dwelling house, which is completely destroyed, with all of the household goods, the inmates barely escaping with their lives. It was done in the middle of the night, and no one was awake. The work of devastation was accomplished before any of the inhabitants were aware of what was going on. Besides this they set fire to his buggy and burned that. Consequently Mr. Mercer is nearly, if not entirely, ruined. The postoffice, which was kept in Mr. Mercer's store, is also a total wreck.

CALIFORNIA.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR BURGLARY.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5.—Facts regarding a burglary of $5000 which occurred Wednesday night from the residence of Asa Fisk, at 700 Hayes street, have been just made public to-day. It seems that certain professional burglars discovered the fact that Fisk was in the habit of keeping in his house a quantity of valuable jewelry which he had received as security on loans. The burglars watched the house, and when all of the family were absent at the theater Wednesday night, forced an entrance from the rear and ransacked it. When the family returned they were startled by the discovery that they had been robbed. The robbers had carried off diamonds, watches and rings worth $5000, but had left over twice that amount scattered on the floor. It is believed they were frightened away in the midst of their work. Detectives are busy on the case.

WHEAT MARKET BOOMING.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5.—The session of the San Francisco produce exchange was one of animation this morning. Buyer season wheat which closed yesterday afternoon at $1 68¾ opened to-day at an advance of four and three-eighths cents, fell to $1 62½, rose to $1 69¾ and amid much excitement closed at $1 63½. Buyer 1887 opened at $1 64½, a rise of 3⅝ cents. Heavy sales were made at this figure and the market closed at $1 68¾. Spot season, storage paid, which closed yesterday at $1 52¾ opened to-day at $1 55 and closed at $1 55¾. The barley market was also active and higher. No. 1 feed, buyer season, opened at 98 cents, an advance of 1¾ cents over yesterday's closing price and closed at 99¾ cents.

WILL ESCAPE WITH A REPRIMAND.

SACRAMENTO, March 5.—The assembly, in considering the report of the committee on the Roy Falk investigation, decided to have a reprimand administered to him, for changing the places of bills on the file of the assembly, instead of dismissing him as recommended by the committee. Speaker Jordan announced in the assembly this evening that he would administer the reprimand Monday at 2:15 P. M.

STREET CAR LINE SOLD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5.—It is positively stated to-night that the City Railway company, which operates a horse-car line on Mission street, has transferred its property to the Pacific Improvement company, which owns the Market-street system of cable car lines. The compensation is not known.

TIRED OF RUNNING OPPOSITION.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5.—At a meeting of the carmen's assembly of the K. of L. last night it was decided to continue the strike and boycott on the Sutter and Geary-street cable lines, but to permanently discontinue the carmen's omnibus line.

SMALLPOX.

LOS ANGELES, March 5.—Two new cases of sma lpox were reported to-day, and six patients discharged from the pest house as cured.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

WEDDING AT WALLA WALLA.

WALLA WALLA, March 5.—Engineer A. M. Fowlkes, of the mountain division of the O. R. & N., arrived in town to-day and called upon Conductor Thompson of the east division to conduct him to Rev. Engan's to witness his marriage. One hour after their arrival the happy pair were on the return to the engineer's residence in La Grande. The bride is Miss Anna Brower, of La Grande.

STATE DISPATCHES.

RESIDENCE AND BARN BURNED.

LA GRANDE, March 5.—The residence and barn of J. Farrell, at Orodel, were entirely consumed by fire at 5 o'clock this morning, caused by the explosion of a lamp in the kitchen. The total loss is about $1800, covered by a policy in the Phœnix Insurance company, of Hartford, Conn., for $1200.

ENGLAND.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH UNWELL.

LONDON, March 5.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was absent from the house of commons last night, being confined to his home by a severe cold. The *Daily Telegraph* thinks he will resign the chief secretaryship for Ireland, as his health will not allow him to continue to perform the arduous duties of that office.

The *Standard* this morning, in which no mention is made of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's resignation, says that Sir Michael is suffering from an affection of the eyes, but he will probably reappear in parliament on Monday.

Hicks-Beach's physicians, in a bulletin concerning his condition, say he has a cataract over both eyes, and unless he rests from official life he must submit to an operation when the time comes for it. Sir Michael has gone to the country for a week.

Balfour was summoned to Windsor to-day, formally, to accept office.

APPROVED BY HARTINGTON.

LONDON, March 5.—Lord Hartington approves the main provisions of the government bill to amend the criminal law of the land, a draft of which has been submitted to him.

The government's Irish bill provides that a special jury list drawn from classes that are not liable to intimidation shall be framed for the trial of special offenses.

It is reported that as soon as a parliamentary vacancy occurs Sir George O. Trevelyan will stand as a Gladstonian candidate.

RESIGNATION OF SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

LONDON, March 5.—It is officially announced this afternoon that Michael Hicks-Beach has resigned the office of secretary for Ireland, and that Arthur J. Balfour, secretary of state for Scotland, has been appointed to succeed him. Hicks-Beach is suffering from catarrh, and his resignation was due to that cause. He will proceed to Berlin for the purpose of undergoing treatment by a celebrated oculist in that city.

THE CARGO SACRIFICED.

LONDON March 5.—The Red Star line steamship Waeswand, which went ashore on Goodwin Sands, near Deal, while on her way to Antwerp from New York, floated after throwing overboard 200 tons of her cargo. She has been towed to Antwerp.

WAR NOTES.

RUSSIAN PRESS COMMENT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb 5.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* says it is not confident that the mission of Riza Bey to Sofia will be successful, though it approves the porte's decree as contributing to a pacific solution of the Bulgarian crisis.

The *Official Messenger* says: "The insurrection is due to the pressure that has weighed upon Bulgaria ever since 1886, especially since upon Bulgaria ever since 1886, especially since upon party leaders, deriving strength by unscrupulous means, seized power. Too